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THE

# NEW AMERICAN SPEAKER;

BEING

## A SELECTION

OF

## SPEECHES, DIALOGUES, AND POETRY:

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY THOMAS HUGHS,

Compiler of the "Universal Class Book," and the "American Popular Reader."

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# PREFACE.

It has been usual, in books of this kind, to prefix to them rules for reading and recitation; though, in general, with more zeal than judgment. But even at the risk of incurring the same censure, and though conscious that he has nothing original to suggest on the subject, the editor of this volume will venture to offer a few remarks, which he hopes may prove serviceable to both student and teacher.

Good reading depends much upon the perfect developement of the higher faculties of the mind. It implies powers of reflection highly cultivated; acute penetration to discover the nicest shade of meaning intended by the author; and taste, and feeling, to embody and express it. He, then, who would be a good reader, must, in the first place, cultivate his mind with assiduity, particularly those parts of it which are connected with taste and refinement. Good reading is a matter of pure taste; consequently, no precise rules can apply to it. We might as well think to form a poet by laying down the great principles by which we know that mankind are affected by poetical composition,—or to produce a fine eye for colours by the precepts of art, as to expect to form a good reader by the most exact rules that ever were, or can be written. Voice, pronunciation, and gesture, are secondary, though important qualities towards arriving at great perfection in the art of reading and recitation. We know that Demosthenes was a stammerer, or at least had a defect in his speech; and one of the most powerful pulpit orators in our day, Dr. Chalmers, has to contend with an unruly voice, and a strong Scotch dialect: yet, in point of effect, he is far before any of his contemporaries. The late Mr. Canning, on hearing this celebrated preacher, exclaimed to Mr. Wilberforce, "The Tartan beats us."

Mind, properly directed, overcomes all difficulties; it controls and subdues the defects of bodily organs and accidental circumstances, and creates for itself an atmosphere in the minds of others, which vibrates at the slightest touch.

The great error on this subject has been, that reading has been considered as purely mechanical, with scarcely any reference to mind; and as many rules have been devised for obtaining a correct and just style of reading, as there are for perspective or any other mechanical operation. What can be more ludicrous than the see-saw flourishes of the schoolboy, who has risen fresh from the study of some recondite author, and has committed to memory all the attitudes and tones and inflections he recommended. This has long been a fertile subject for the caricaturist of the pencil, and the stage; and yet it prevails in our schools to this day.

To read well, it must be natural, easy, and graceful. The reader supplies, by his manner, the best, and most beautiful colouring to the author's thought; he imparts to it that which language, in its essential imperfection, is unable to give. He has to give life to the inanimate statue, and to breathe around the subject a fragrance. He has to "paint the lily," and "throw a perfume on the violet."

But how is this to be attained? First, trust to nature and good sense, and throw aside as worthless and barbarous, all the artificial systems which have been contrived. Let the student observe the conversation of well educated people, when under no constraint; let him study the best speakers in the pulpit, on the stage, and at the bar, and observe how they produce effect. But let him beware of imitating even the best, and to endeavour to form for himself a style which will, like his cast of thought, and every day manner, hang natural upon him; if he do this, and at the same time study to acquire a correct pronunciation, and a clear and distinct utterance, he will have gained the object he has in view.

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THE

# NEW AMERICAN SPEAKER.

### REVERENCE FOR LAW.—*Hopkinson.*

[From an Eulogium on Hon. Bushrod Washington.—Trial of General Bright, for obstructing the execution of a process of the court of the United States.]

Now, I pray you, mark the conduct of the people of Pennsylvania, at this unprecedented, trying crisis. Can she recede from her absolute assertion of right? Can she take back her unqualified menaces of resistance, and promises of protection to her citizens?—A Judge, in himself a weak and helpless individual, supported by no power but the law, pronounces a sentence of criminal condemnation upon the assembled Representatives of that people—upon their supreme executive authority; upon *themselves;* and orders the minister of their will, surrounded by a military force under his command, to a *common gaol*—And this is submitted to with a reverential awe; not a murmur from the prisoner; not a movement by the people to rescue him from a punishment inflicted upon him for obeying their mandates; for sustaining their authority, and defending their interests.—And why?—Because the law had spoken—it was the judgment of the law.—The people were wise and virtuous; they loved their country above all things; and to her they willingly surrendered their strength; their passions, their pride, and their interest. A jury of Pennsylvania, instructed and convinced that the supremacy of the law had been violated, gave up the offenders—their fellow-citizens, respected, and worthy of respect, to its penalties.—What a Judge! how fearless in his duty!—What a people! how magnanimous in their submission! How worthy of each other! No proud and passionate assertion of sovereignty; no violent menaces of insulted power; no rebellious defiance of the federal authority; no inflammatory combinations to resist it; and to shatter, in their madness, the beautiful fabric of our Union:—

In short, no *nullification*—a new and portentous word—but a calm and noble submission to the concentrated power of all the States, in a government made and adopted by all; which all are bound, by their solemn and pledged faith, by their hopes of peace, safety, and happiness, to maintain and obey. It is only by such efforts of patriotism that this great and growing Republic can be preserved. If, whenever the pride of a state is offended, or her selfishness rebuked, she may assume an attitude of defiance; may pour her rash and angry menaces on her confederated sisters; may claim a sovereignty altogether independent of them; and acknowledge herself to be bound to the Union by no ties, but such as she may dissolve at pleasure, we do indeed hold our political existence by a most precarious tenure, and the future destinies of our country are as dark and uncertain as the past have been happy and glorious.

Happy is that country, and only that, where the laws are not only just and equal, but supreme and irresistible;—where selfish interests and disorderly passions are curbed by an arm to which they must submit.—We look back with horror and affright to the dark and troubled ages when a cruel and gloomy superstition tyrannized over the people of Europe; dreaded alike by kings and people; by governments and individuals; before which the law had no force; justice no respect; and mercy no influence. The sublime precepts of morality, the kind and endearing charities; the true and rational reverence for a bountiful Creator, which are the elements and the life of our religion, were trampled upon in the reckless career of ambition, pride, and the lust of power. Nor was it much better when the arm of the warrior, and the sharpness of his sword determined every question of right; and held the weak in bondage to the strong; and the revengeful feuds of the great involved, in one common ruin, themselves and their humblest vassals.—These disastrous days are gone, never to return. There is no power but the *Law*, which is the power of *all*, and those who administer it are the *masters* and the *ministers* of all.

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### COLONEL HANNAY'S GOVERNMENT.—*Sheridan.*

If we could suppose a person to have come suddenly into the country, unacquainted with any circumstances that had passed since the days of Sujah ul Dowlah. he would naturally

ask—what cruel hand has wrought this wide desolation, what barbarian foe has invaded the country, has desolated its fields, depopulated its villages? He would ask, what disputed succession, civil rage, or frenzy of the inhabitants, had induced them to act in hostility to the words of God, and the beauteous works of man? He would ask what religious zeal or frenzy had added to the mad despair and horrors of war?—The ruin is unlike any thing that appears recorded in any age; it looks like neither the barbarities of men, nor the judgments of vindictive heaven. There is a waste of desolation, as if caused by fell destroyers, never meaning to return and making but a short period of their rapacity. It looks as if some fabled monster had made its passage through the country, whose pestiferous breath had blasted more than its voracious appetite could devour.

If there had been any men in the country, who had not their hearts and souls so subdued by fear, as to refuse to speak the truth at all upon such a subject, they would have told him, there had been no war since the time of Sujah ul Dowlah,—tyrant, indeed, as he was, but then deeply regretted by his subjects—that no hostile blow of any enemy had been struck in that land—that there had been no disputed succession—no civil war—no religious frenzy. But that these were the tokens of British friendship, the marks left by the embraces of British allies—more dreadful than the blows of the bitterest enemy. They would tell him that these allies had converted a prince into a slave, to make him the principal in the extortion upon his subjects;—that their rapacity increased in proportion as the means of supplying their avarice diminished; that they made the sovereign pay as if they had a right to an increased price, because the labour of extortion and plunder increased. To such causes, they would tell him, these calamities were owing.

Need I refer Your Lordships to the strong testimony of Major Naylor, when he rescued Colonel Hannay from their hands—where you see that this people, born to submission and bent to most abject subjection—that even they, in whose meek hearts injury had never yet begot resentment, nor even despair bred courage—that *their* hatred, *their* abhorrence of Colonel Hannay was such that they clung round him by thousands and thousands;—that when Major Naylor rescued him, they refused life from the hand that could rescue Hannay;—that they nourished this desperate consolation, that by their death they should at least thin the number of

wretches who suffered by his devastation and extortion. He says that, when he crossed the river, he found the poor wretches quivering upon the parched banks of the polluted river, encouraging their blood to flow, and consoling themselves with the thought, that it would not sink into the earth, but rise to the common God of humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on their destroyers!—This warm description—which is no declamation of mine, but founded in actual fact, and in fair, clear proof before Your Lordships—speaks powerfully what the cause of these oppressions were, and the perfect justness of those feelings that were occasioned by them. And yet, my Lords, I am asked to prove *why* these people arose in such concert:—'there must have been machinations, forsooth, and the Begums' machinations, to produce all this!'—Why did they rise!—Because they were people in human shape; because patience under the detested tyranny of man is rebellion to the sovereignty of God; because allegiance to that Power that gives us the *forms* of men commands us to maintain the *rights* of men. And never yet was this truth dismissed from the human heart—never in any time, in any age—never in any clime, where rude man ever had any social feeling, or where corrupt refinement had subdued all feelings,—never was this one unextinguishable truth destroyed from the heart of man, placed, as it is, in the core and centre of it by his Maker, that man was not made the property of man; that human power is a trust for human benefit; and that when it is abused, revenge becomes justice, if not the bounden duty of the injured. These, my Lords, were the causes why these people rose.

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SCENE FROM THE WEST INDIAN.—*Cumberland.*

*Belcour* and *Stockwell.*

*Stock.* Mr. Belcour, I'm rejoiced to see you; you're welcome to England.

*Bel.* I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

*Stock.* What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have made a bad passage at this time o'year.

*Bel.* Nor did we: courier like, we came posting to your shores, upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew;

'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river-side I complain of.

*Stock.* Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river-side?

*Bel.* Innumerable! Your town 's as full of defiles as the Island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle, and confusion on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common council-men in your streets, that, unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labour of a Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

*Stock.* I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

*Bel.* Why, faith, 'twas all my own fault: accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

*Stock.* All without is as I wish; dear Nature add the rest, and I am happy (*aside.*) Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

*Bel.* Not at all, not at all; I like 'em the better; was I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but, as a fellow subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

*Stock.* That's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father! (*Aside.*)

*Bel.* Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

*Stock.* To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton and a despotic power; but as a subject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

*Bel.* True, Sir; most truly said; mine's a commission, not

a right: I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind: but, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and to virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

*Stock.* Come, come, the man who can accuse corrects himself.

*Bel.* Ah! that's an office I am weary of: I wish a friend would take it up: I would to heaven you had leisure for the employ; but did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

*Stock.* Well, I am not discouraged: this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

*Bel.* No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do myself, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

*Stock.* And, was I to choose a pupil, it should be one of your complexion: so if you'll come along with me, we'll agree upon your admission, and enter on a course of lectures directly.

*Bel.* With all my heart.

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### THE DEATH OF THE YOUNGER OF THE PRISONERS OF CHILLON.—*Byron.*

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life; that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing

In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin, delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors.—This was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With, all the while, a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot:—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him:—I found him not,
*I* only stirred in this black spot,
*I* only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew

---

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS.—*Sheridan.*

*Sir Lucius* and *Acres.*

*Sir Luc.* Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.
*Acres.* My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

*Sir Luc.* Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

*Acres.* Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

*Sir Luc.* Pray what is the case?—I ask no names.

*Acres.* Mark me, Sir Lucius; I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

*Sir Luc.* Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

*Acres.* Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverly, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

*Sir Luc.* A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

*Acres.* Unfairly! to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

*Sir Luc.* Then sure you know what is to be done!

*Acres.* Not I, upon my honour!

*Sir Luc.* We wear no swords here, but you understand me

*Acres.* What! fight him!

*Sir Luc.* Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

*Acres.* But he has given me no provocation.

*Sir Luc.* Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

*Acres.* Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

*Sir Luc.* That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

*Acres.* Why, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

*Sir Luc.* What signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

*Acres.* Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were——a kind of courage, as I may say——Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

*Sir Luc.* Ah, my little friend! If I had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through my fingers, I thank heaven our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

*Acres.* O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!——Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it.——The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!——as the man in the play says, 'I could do such deeds——'

*Sir Luc.* Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius——I must be in a rage.—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me.——Come, here's pen and paper.—I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

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THE DEATH OF CRESCENTIUS.—*Miss Landon.*

I LOOKED upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine,
As even o'er Despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh—

The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before: he rode
  Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
  And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent, that told
  Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,
  The headsman by his side;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
  The sword that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
  Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
  With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
  Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
  A nation's funeral cry—
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot—and her latest one.

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MARY'S MOUNT.—*Pringle.*

WHO, standing on this rural spot,
  With groves above, and fields around,
Would, pausing, e'er indulge the thought,
  That armies throng'd the lower ground;
Or image neighing steed, or fear
That trump or drum salute his ear;
Or think this leafy screen enfolded
  A being of as tragic fate,
  As lovely, and unfortunate,
As Nature ever moulded!

Traced like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide,
There Pentland's green acclivities;
There Ocean, with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat; and, gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While, in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen,
North Berwick-Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters.

Wrapt in the mantle of her woe,
Here agonized Mary stood,
And saw contending hosts below,
Opposing, meet in deadly feud;
With hilt to hilt, and hand to hand,
The children of one mother-land,
For battle come. The banners flaunted
Amid Carberry's beechen grove;
And kinsmen, braving kinsmen, strove
Undaunting, and undaunted.

Silent the Queen in sorrow stood,
When Bothwell, starting forward, said,
"The cause is mine—a nation's blood,
Go, tell yon chiefs, should not be shed;
Go, bid the bravest heart advance
In single fight, to measure lance
With me, who wait prepared to meet him!"
"Fly!—Bothwell, fly!—it shall not be"—
She wept—she sobb'd—on bended knee
Fair Mary did entreat him.

"I go," he sigh'd—"the war is mine,
A Nero could not injure thee;—
My lot on earth is seal'd, but thine
Shall long, and bright, and happy be!—
This last farewell—this struggle o'er,
We ne'er shall see each other more—
Now, loose thy hold! poor broken-hearted—"
She faints—she falls.—Upon his roan
The bridle-reins in haste are thrown—
The pilgrim hath departed.

Know ye the tenor of his fate?
A fugitive among his own;

Disguised—deserted—desolate—
A weed on Niagara thrown;
A Cain among the sons of men;
A pirate on the ocean; then,
A Scandinavian captive fettered,
To die amid the dungeon gloom;
If earthly chance, or heavenly doom
Is dark—but so it mattered.

Daughter of Scotland! beautiful
Beyond what falls to human lot,
Thy breathing features render'd dull
The visions of a poet's thought;
Thy voice was music on the deep,
When winds are hushed, and waves asleep:
In mould and mind by far excelling,
Or Cleopatra on the wave
Of Cydnus, vanquishing the brave,
Or Troy's resplendent Helen?

Thy very sun in clouds arose,
Delightful flower of Holyrood!
Thy span was tempest-fraught, thy woes
Should make thee pitied by the good.
Poor Mary! an untimely tomb
Was thine, with prison-hours of gloom,
A crown, and rebel crowds beneath thee,
A lofty fate—a lowly fall!
Thou wert a woman, and let all
Thy faults be buried with thee!

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MR. F. J. ROBINSON'S REPLY TO THE ATTACK MADE ON HIM FOR HAVING ABOLISHED THE BOARDS OF CUSTOM AND EXCISE IN SCOTLAND.—*British Parliament, March* 13, 1826.

Nor, sir, let it be supposed that this was a very easy task. We have had many strong prejudices, many powerful interests, many deep-rooted habits, to contend with. I think I cannot give a better proof of the sort of feeling which we have had to encounter, than by adverting to what has been recently published to the world in the northern part of this Island. It seems that in the extinction of the two independent Boards of Customs and Excise in Scotland, and their amalgamation with the central Boards in England, are to be

considered by every true Scotchman, as derogatory to his national dignity, offensive to his national pride, and subversive—Good God! of what? Subversive of his prescriptive rights? When Anthony, in the beautiful speech which Shakspeare puts into his mouth over the dead body of Cæsar, after an eloquent and pathetic description of the wounds under which Cæsar had fallen, exclaims, in a burst of passionate enthusiasm,—

> "O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
> Then you, and I, and all of us, fell down,
> And bloody treason flourished over us:

the appeal was not more vehement, the passions of his auditors were not more keenly excited, than the appeal which is now made, and the fire which is now kindled, against the unfortunate author of the woeful tragedy, which terminated the existence of two insignificant fiscal departments. Sir, I could not imagine, at first, what was meant by all this indignation. I felt almost like "a guilty thing," oppressed by the weight of some undefined offence. If I chanced to meet my noble friend at the head of the Admiralty, or any of my Hon. friends, who sit at the same board, I hardly dared look them in the face. I felt confident that the denunciation was for some dreadful crime; but I knew not what; and I was left for some time in all the agony of doubt. At last, I had the consolation of recollecting that I had Scotch blood, and good old Scotch blood too, flowing in my veins; and was persuaded that I could never be insensible to the honour and dignity of that ancient country. But, sir, I confess that, when I have been passing in review all the signal triumphs which Scotland has achieved in all that adorns, and ennobles, and benefits the human race; when I have been calling to mind the originality, the grace, and the genius of her poets; the eloquence, the accuracy, and the research of her historians; the elaborate lucubrations, and the profound discoveries of her philosophers; when I have been watching their progress as they respectively, either traversed the delightful regions of fancy, or penetrated the depths and recesses of history, and of science, I never thought of including among the worthies of Scotland, the members of her independent Board of Excise. And when I have been reading with grateful exultation of the heroic exploits of an Abercrombie, a Moore, a Lynedoch, and a Hopetoun; when, two years ago, it fell to my lot to propose to this house

to do an act of tardy justice, by proposing to vote a monument to the memory of Lord Duncan, I certainly never dreamt that the honour of Scotland would be tarnished, if, in the same year, I transferred the seat of the Board of Customs from Edinburgh to London. I always thought that the honour of Scotland rested on a more solid basis. I thought that the glory of the great men who have adorned the annals of that country, would have shone with perennial light, if the Excise had never meddled with her whiskey, nor the Customs controlled her commerce; and I trust we may long continue to contemplate their lustre with instruction and delight, although her revenue boards have lost the affected importance of their imaginary independence, and have been swallowed up, O! dreadful catastrophe! in the all-devouring vortex of English uniformity. When, too, I am told, that the abolition of these and similar offices, is something disrespectful to the, what is called (not however by me) the impoverished nobility of Scotland, I think that if I were a real Scotchman, I should be too proud to admit that the honour of the ancient lineage of that ancient kingdom would be diminished, because the Government had less patronage to offer, and her nobility less of emolument to covet. These measures, dictated alone by the necessity of judicious retrenchment, may indeed be represented as punishments inflicted on an innocent and unoffending people, and the wrath of Scotland may be denounced against their author; but, as long as I am armed with the consciousness of seeking to diminish the burdens, and to increase the happiness of the people, I can look without terror upon the flashing of the Highland claymore, though evoked from its scabbard by the incantations of the first magician of the age.

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### THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.—*Sidney Smith.*

After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride, and of man; behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a little speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul fleets from his body, like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and

all the systems, and creations of God are flaming above, and beneath. Is this a creature to revel in his greatness? Is this a creature to make to himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh and blood; and to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust, to which they both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives, is he free from pain? When dies, can he escape from the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—*Jeffrey.*

[Speech, on the election of Sir James Mackintosh to the office of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.]

THOUGH I believe I have no longer any right to address you in an official capacity, yet I cannot take my final farewell of you without once more returning you my thanks for the indulgence I have uniformly met with at your hands, and offering you my congratulations on the choice you have made of a Rector, who is destined, I am firmly persuaded, far and lastingly to eclipse the undeserved popularity of his predecessor. I think it right also to explain, in a few words, the grounds upon which I, along with the great majority of those who now hear me, have given him, on this occasion, the preference over his illustrious competitor. Between two such candidates it might well have been thought difficult to choose; and if the result of our decisions had been supposed to depend on any comparative estimate of their *general* merits, I should certainly have felt the task of selection to be one of infinitely greater difficulty and delicacy than that which we have actually had to discharge. Sir Walter Scott, in point of inventive genius, of discrimination of character, of reach of fancy, of mastery over the passions and feelings of his readers, is undoubtedly superior not only to his distinguished competitor in this day's election, but probably to any other name in the whole range of our recent or ancient literature; and to these great gifts and talents I know that he adds a social and generous disposition, which endears him to all who have access to his person, and has led him to make

those splendid qualities subservient to the general diffusion of kind and elevated sentiments.—By this happy use of these rare endowments, he has deservedly attained to a height of popularity, and an extent of fame, to which there is no parallel in our remembrance, and to which, as individuals, we must each of us contribute our share of willing and grateful admiration. But what I wish to impress upon you is, that those high qualities are rather titles to general glory than to *academic* honours; and being derived far more from "the prodigality of nature" than the successful pursuits of study, have their appropriate reward rather in popular renown, than in the suffrages of societies dedicated and set apart for the encouragement of learning and science. The world at large is Sir Walter Scott's University—in which he studies, and in which hè teaches: and every individual who reads, is a concurrent suffragan for the honours he has earned from *the public.* We, however, are not met to-day merely as a portion of that public, or to express as individuals what we owe to its benefactors. We are met as members of a *learned body*, a society consecrated to the cultivation of those severer studies, in which the perseverance of the young should be stimulated by the honours which they help to confer on those who have made the greatest advances; and, acting in this capacity, and with a due sense of the ends of the Institution in which we are united, we ought, it rather seems to me, on an occasion like this, to take care that we are not too much dazzled with the blaze of that broader and more extended fame which fills the world beyond us. Now it appears to me that, in all the attainments which are to be honoured in a seat of learning, Sir James Mackintosh is as clearly superior to his competitor as he is inferior, perhaps, in the qualities that entitle him to popular renown. In profound and exact scholarship—in learning, properly so called, in all its variety and extent—in familiarity with all the branches of philosophy—in historical research—in legislative skill, wisdom, and caution—in senatorial eloquence, and in all the amenities of private life and character, I know no man (taking all these qualifications together) not merely to be preferred, but to be compared with him whom we have this day agreed to honour and invite among us. And considering him as a great example of the utility and the beauty of these attainments, which we are here incorporated to cultivate and exalt, I cannot but feel that we have done right in giving him the preference upon this occasion, over that other distinguished per-

son to whom he has this day been opposed, and who would undoubtedly have done honour to the situation for which he was proposed. The great comfort in such a competition as that in which we have been engaged, is, that it cannot terminate in any choice that shall not be a subject of congratulation; and it is only on looking to him who has *not* been elected, that there can be any room for feelings of regret. I have thus endeavoured to explain the motives which have induced me to concur with the majority of my co-electors—less for the sake of preventing misconstructions, for which I care very little, and which I do not fear at all, than to gratify myself by expressing a little of what I feel of the merits of both the distinguished candidates, whom I have the honour of ranking almost equally in the list of my friends. The choice you have made I do conscientiously believe to be the best calculated for promoting the interests of this University, and the honour of the studies in which all its members are engaged. I have only again to congratulate you upon that choice—to thank you for the attention with which you have favoured me—and, for the last time, to bid every one of you affectionately farewell."

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THE POET AND THE GLOW-WORM.—*W. Jermin.*

A POET walking forth by night,
(For poets aye in shades delight)
In silence meditating, came
To where a Glow-worm's emerald flame,
Darting around its modest ray,
Faintly illumed the darkling way.
The bard, attracted, gazing stood,
Till wrought into the musing mood,
The thoughts revolving in his breast,
In words, aloud, he thus exprest.

"Poor insect! impotent and vain,
Thou glowest in thy direst bane;
Thy pale and ineffectual light,
Which guides the ravening pests of night—
The owl, and bat, and serpent brood,
All preying forth in quest of food,
Thy undefended life to seize,
And with thy frame their wants appease;

While from its beam no good I see,
Useless to all the world and thee."
"Cease, foolish man," the glow-worm cried,
Now first with human speech supplied,—
"Cease to contemn the talent Heaven
To me hath bountifully given,
Akin to that on which thou, blind,
Valuest thyself above thy kind.
In this is human weakness shown;
Man sees all dangers but his own;
Nature's wise work in me arraigns,
And of my helpless state complains;
While his own never-ceasing aim
Is only to attain the same,—
The same distinguished power to shine,
Though far more perilous than mine:
For brutes, though hunger may inspire,
Fear to assail my seeming fire,
And thus this light exposed to view
Is both my pride and safeguard too.
But what avails in modern days
The splendour of the Poet's blaze?
Say, shields it from the woes of life,
From envy, malice, slander, strife,
Insult, oppression, scorn, and hate,
The frowns of fortune and of fate?
Or rather does it not expose
To other ills and add to those?
Go, ask thy heart, and from it learn
Our different merits to discern;
And own thy censure was unwise,
Nor, more, superior worth despise."

The bard, rebuked, in haste withdrew:
From sad experience well he knew,
The insect's picture was too true!

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SOLILOQUY FROM THE TRAGEDY OF SERTORIUS.—*Brown.*

*Sertorius.*

RHEA, my mother!—in that hallowed name,
How many hours of guileless happiness,
Of sportive and unchequered innocence,

Roll back upon the ocean of past years,
And burst upon the view!
—Death, the destroyer! from thy potent spell,
Nor sex, nor age, nor strength, nor weakness 'scapes:
Time's hoary locks—the ringlets of gay youth—
The hero's laurel, and the poet's wreath—
Love, honour, health, and beauty, are thy spoil:—
The mitred, and the sceptred yield to thee,—
In deferential horror, all—all submit,
Save virtue, who in radiant smiles beholds
Thy dread approach, and, armed in Heaven's proof,
Contemns thee and thy retinue of ills,
Alike triumphant o'er the tomb and thee.
Thou canst not rob thy victim—thou mayst slay him,
Tear him from those dear arms that cling around him,
And teach survivors to deplore thy power:—
But, for this temporal life—this life of sorrow—
This life of death—thou givest him life eternal,
Unfading joy, and everlasting love!

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### SCENE FROM SERTORIUS.—*Brown.*

*Sertorius*, *Perpenna*, *Aufidius*, *Ambassador*, and Senators.

*Sertorius.* Pharos Demetrius, we decline your offer.—
'Tis true that Rome has proved a wayward mother,
Proud, cruel, and relentless. Does it follow
That we, her banished sons, to mend our fortunes,
Should clasp a stranger to our dear embrace;
Jointly to prey upon a parent's bosom,
And like the pelican, in ruthless famine,
Devour our source of life?

*Pharos.* What binds, or what
Should bind Sertorius to such a parent?
Have you not fought her battles, shed your blood
In her defence, devoted all your life
To the aggrandizement and power of Rome—
And, save those scars engraven on your front
To show how much you dared, and what you suffered,
Where's your reward?

*Sertorius*, [*laying his hand on his heart.*]
'Tis here, Demetrius—

In that immortal casket—where all life's treasure dwells!
Think'st thou unjust requital mars our love?
Or that devotion to our country's cause
Regards past offering whilst 't has aught to offer?
If I am outlawed, is not Rome abused—
Troubled, and tortured by intestine treason?
The weapons of her hope, sheathed in her heart
By parricidal hands!—why should she then,
Bleeding at every vein from inward faction,
Receive from me the final, fatal blow,
That terminates her glory and her grief?

*Pharos.* In striking her, dost thou not punish them—
Them, who have mounted on thy hopes to empire—
Them, who have exiled thee from friends and home,
And all that makes life dear, or death deplored?
Has then revenge, that balm of injured minds,
No cure, no charms for thee?—then let ambition,
Pointing the way to fortune and renown,
Allure thee to those proud, supernal heights,
Which only Gods, and men like Gods attain.

*Sertorius.* By heaven! Demetrius, I avow it proudly,
Here in the very centre of the realm—
—My friends, bear with me, nature will have way—
Borne as I am upon the people's love
To power and station, and what else beside
The noblest minds desire—still I confess,
Far rather would I be the meanest subject
Of mighty Rome, than the wide world's proud master.

*Pharos.* A subject!—thou mayest be her Emperor,
The monarch of the mighty of the earth.

*Sertorius.* Not so, Demetrius! Rome expires with freedom;
Were I her monarch, Rome would cease to be,
And leave my sceptre worthless.

*Pharos.* Grant it were so:—even thy humble prayer
To be a private citizen of Rome—it is denied thee!
The intercession of thy mother Rhea—
The recollection of thy great exploits—
Thy hardships—filial love, and loyalty,
All plead for thee in vain.—That men should pause
Between proportioned, comparable objects,
Excites no wonder,—but that a man like thee,

Who scorns to halt when glory bids thee on,
Should hesitate, between conflicting views,
One placing thee upon the neck of Rome,
The other at her foot—the foot that spurns thee!—
Ye Gods, 'tis past belief—thou dost but mock me!
Think of great Marcius, and his Volscian bands,
Trampling triumphantly o'er prostrate Rome—
Let that inspire thee.—He sought for aid, while aid
*Solicits* thee, and monarchs are thy suitors.

*Sertorius.* Does the time-honoured page of Roman story
Supply no prouder models for Sertorius,
Than discontented and rebellious traitors?
Men who alike opposed, or served the state
To gratify ambition, or revenge!—
What sayest thou to those stainless men of Rome,
Who rose superior to their private wrongs—
Who sacrificed revenge to public good,
And magnified their nature and the world?
Can I lose sight of their illustrious virtues,
Their services, their sufferings and faith,
Banished and branded with the name of traitors,
Yet ever yielding to the hand that smote them!
Where is the Roman that forgets such Romans,
Or scorns their bright example!
Know then, Demetrius, that the patriot heart
Throbs first and last for country. What, shall a pillar,
However magnificent and richly wrought,
Degrade the temple that its strength sustains?
Or shall they, as in sacred Grecian domes,
Unite in mutual grandeur,—and when time,
With his unsparing, fell, and ravening maw,
Disrobes them of the ornament of youth,
Dissolving and prostrating all their glory,
Sink in one common ruin, and become
More famed and cherished than in pristine pride?

*Pharos.* The temple of thy faith, proud Rome, must fall!
No pillar can sustain it: the crimsoned swords
Of factious Sylla and his lawless bands,
Hew down the massy fabric of her fame,
The boast and dread of full five hundred years,
Into its elements:—why then shouldst thou
Hang round, and perish with this falling ruin?

*Sertorius.* Now by the Gods, you turn my blood to flame,
And mar the traitor you would make of me!
If there be aught more arduous to accomplish,
Than to dissever all my thoughts from Rome,
And change my doating duty into hatred,
'Twere to unite with such a curse as Sylla;
The pampered minion of Nicopolis—
Bloated, not sated with patrician blood—
The felon, that purloins his country's glory,
To prostitute it to his country's shame!
Thou sayst Rome's fall will crush me; I submit:
The brave man never should outlive his country:
As clings the infant to its mother's arms,
Blessing and blest—so cleaves the patriot's heart
To the embraces of his native soil,
At once deriving, and imparting life.

*Perpenna*, [*to Aufidius, aside.*]
Not now to speak, were to be dumb for ever:
The crisis has arrived, and on the instant
Hangs life, or death eternal.

*Pharos.* Three thousand talents—forty ships of war,
Great Mithridates offers now to Spain:
When were such offers made, or when rejected?

*Aufidius.* What do we hazard for this vast reward?

*Sertorius.* Talk not of hazard! I dare hazard all
But that, without which all is penury;
The cherished, priceless, peerless jewel—Honour.
When on the borders of the rapid Rhone,
Armed cap-a-pie in massy mail, I stood,
While the huge billows thundered for their prey,
I paused not to appreciate the peril,
But plunged, at once, like Curtius, in the gulf,
Haply to live or die. 'Twas for my country!
But when you ask, that to destroy that country
I should shake hands with her inveterate foe,
And sell myself to shame—immortal shame,
I tremble, and profess myself a coward:
I cannot do it—shuddering nature dare not!

*Pharos.* Yet, noble Quintus!——

*Sertorius.* Urge me no more—my resolution's deaf,
And cannot hear you. Come, your voices, friends.

*Perpenna.* The Senate do concur with Mithridates.

*Sertorius.* *Thou* dost concur, Perpenna, not the Senate.

*Senators.* We ratify the league, and join 'gainst Rome.

*Sertorius.* Impossible!—
A Roman Senate turn her arms 'gainst Rome!
We, who are bound to magnify her fame—
To stretch her empire to earth's utmost verge,
That glory, like the ever radiant sun,
May rise and set upon her vast horizon!
Is this the voice of all—do none dissent?

*Senators.* We all unite with him.

*Sertorius.* Then all unite, to disunite this arm
From Lusitania's cause. Whate'er betides,
No change shall change my steadfastness of soul,
Or make a traitor of me.

*Perpenna.* Remember, Quintus, what we owe to Spain;
Adopted, nurtured, cherished, honoured by her.—

*Sertorius.* I well remember all: but where's the pledge
Ye give to Spain—adopted as ye are
By her affection; grafted on her state;
How shall she trust, while ye recreants prove
To your first love, in wantonness of vice,
And found the very altar of your faith
On having been foresworn?—
Let me beseech you, weigh this matter nearly;
Oppose your honour to the proffered treasure,
And all the gold of Pontus turns to dross.
—What! are ye a hireling tribe,
To be bought out by him that bids the highest?
If the design be noble, grasp it nobly;
And do not, like a band of sordid slaves,
Embrace your bondage, for the golden fetters.

*Aufidius,* (to Perpenna.)
See how they quake and quail beneath his eye!
A moment longer, and the cause is lost.

*Senators.* Rome's lost to us—then are we lost to Rome.

*Sertorius.* Then are you lost to me. These dignities,
The outward ensigns of inherent worth,
Were dearly purchased by the name of traitor,
And thus I cast them off for such as *you* are.

*Perpenna.* Quintus Sertorius, we are constituted,
By public suffrage, and the laws of Spain,
The guardians of the realm; the conservators,
Not of the rights of Rome, but Lusitania.
How shall we answer to ourselves and others,
For the perversion of this sacred trust?

*Sertorius.* Peace, peace, Perpenna! I will answer it.
Who shares the glory, only, shares the peril:
I stand alone in both. If Mithridates
Demand Bithynia and Cappadocia,
Accustomed as they are to kingly rule,
And held by conquest only, by the Romans,
It meets with our accordance: but to encroach
Where every foot of ground supports a freeman,
None but a slave could urge it.

*Senators.* We do not urge it—we submit to this;
Restrain old Rome within her just domain,
Her ancient limits—and Spain rests content.

*Perpenna*, [*aside.*]
Patience, ye Gods!—and thou, great Æolus,
That with thy sovereign wand, curbest and directest
The ever changing and rebellious winds,
And gatherest them within thy stormy bosom,—
Teach man fidelity!

*Pharos.* My mission is discharged—the terms promulged,
Which, and which only, Pontus can accord;
And thus I take my leave.

*Sertorius.* I here dissolve the Council.
Farewell, Demetrius!—to your king repair;
If he approve the terms we now propose—
The only league that we can ratify,
He may command our service: but from myself,
And from Spain too, while she relies on me,
All other hopes are vain. And so, farewell.

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### SLAVERY OF GREECE.—*Canning.*

Unrivalled Greece! thou ever honoured name!
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!

Though now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown;
Yet still shall memory, with reverted eye,
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

Thee Freedom cherished once with fostering hand,
And breathed undaunted valour through the land;
Here, the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,
The child of poverty, inured to toil.

Here, loved by Pallas and the sacred Nine,
Once did fair Athens' towering glories shine,
To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,
The conquering standard's glittering glories rear,
And join the mad'ning battle's loud career.

How skilled the Greeks, confess what Persians slain
Were strewed on Marathon's ensanguined plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.
What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood,
Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod!
How spoke a hero, and how moved a God!
The rush of nations could alone sustain,
While half the ravaged globe was armed in vain.
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!

Nor war's vast art alone adorned thy fame,
"But mild philosophy endeared thy name."
Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,
And the tall pile, aspiring, pierce the skies;
The awful scene magnificently great,
With pictured pomp to grace, and sculptured state,
This science taught; on Greece each science shone;
Here the bold statue started from the stone;
Here, warm with life, the swelling canvass glowed;
Here, big with life, the poet's raptures flowed
Here Homer's lip was touched with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tuned her amorous lyre;

Here bold Tyrtæus roused the enervate throng,
Awaked to glory by the inspiring song;
Here Pindar soared a nobler, loftier way,
And brave Alcæus scorned a tyrant's sway;
Here gorgeous Tragedy, with great control,
Touched every feeling of the impassioned soul;
While in soft measure tripping to the song,
Her comic sister lightly danced along.—

This was thy state! But oh! how changed thy fame,
And all thy glories fading into shame.
What! that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land,
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command;
That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once opposed in vain:
Who could have thought? Who sees without a groan,
Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown?
That where once towered the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravaged plain;
And unobserved but by the traveller's eye
Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie;
And thy fallen column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons, sad change! in abject bondage sigh;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die;
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glittering tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones
Has awed their servile spirits into fear;
Spurned by the foot, they tremble and revere.

The day of labour, night's sad sleepless hour,
The inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And, dreadful choice! the bow-string or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.

Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh,
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high,
Towers from the earth, and braves the inclement sky,

On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thundering ocean roars;
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious, and defies the storm.
Till worn by age and mouldering to decay,
The insidious waters wash its base away;
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

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### SCENE FROM RICHELIEU.—*Payne.*

*Richelieu* and *Dubois.*—Field of Battle.

*Rich.* You really think I behaved well in the last battle, do you?

*Dub.* Most gallantly. The voice of the nation, too, is with you, and that is generally honest fame. You fought in a just cause, my lord. If there be any excuse for shedding human blood, it is that, and that alone.

*Rich.* Hum.—Why, yes.—Yet, whatever the cause, there's something in war that stirs the blood and rouses the nobler qualities of our nature. A man lives years of common life in one short, glorious campaign. Yet, we had hard fighting of it, too.—Twenty thousand gallant hearts left cold upon the field!

*Dub.* Twenty thousand human beings! And all for what? War is a terrible evil!

*Rich.* The most terrible part of it is the field of battle the day after an action. One is cooled down, then.—To see so many brave fellows lying stiff and motionless, who, but yesterday, were all life and animation! What made the strongest impression on me was the havoc among the officers—to see the most distinguished warriors—gentlemen of the very first note, stretched on the bare earth, and confounded with the commonest soldiery.

*Dub.* Indeed! Is it that which struck you most? Truly this death is a most insolent leveller! It was exceedingly uncivil in the enemy to make no distinction between gentle and simple!—All the great folks should have been killed apart by themselves!

*Rich.* A truce with cynic sneering! You misunderstand me, Dubois. I can feel for the loss of the commonest sol-

dier; for, with me, every brave man has his value. But what is death to him? It hurries him from no pleasures; it mars no scheme of fortune or renown; it only cuts short a life of paltry cares and vulgar vices,—burthensome, perhaps, to the possessor,—unimportant to society,—and daily risqued for a trifle. But when the gallant cavalier is laid low, a chasm is made in society,—a brilliant spirit is quenched,—a career of glory is interrupted,—a thousand ties of friendship, of love, of gallantry are rent asunder!—Oh! don't tell me that such a heart is to be trampled in the dust indifferently with the hearts of vulgar men!

*Dub.* * Think you not, my Lord, that the meanest soldier that fell on that dreadful field had affections that bound him as firmly to life as the proudest cavalier?—that the voice of love and friendship sounded sweetly to his ear?—that his fire burned brightly for him?—that he loved his home and his native hills, and cherished as pure a patriotism as the proudest Lord of the realm?—and when he fell, that a wail burst from a beloved object, more heartfelt than that which mourns a monarch? War, My Lord, is the heaviest curse—but you are impatient.

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THE TRUE STRENGTH OF CHRISTIANITY.—*Macauley.*

We will not be deterred by any fear of misrepresentation from expressing our hearty approbation of the mild, wise, and eminently Christian manner, in which the Church and the Government have lately acted with respect to blasphemous publications. We praise them for not having thought it necessary to encircle a religion pure, merciful, and philosophical,—a religion to the evidences of which the highest intellects have yielded,—with the defences of a false and bloody superstition. The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded by the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity, its sanctity was sufficient to vindicate it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, in the light

* Mr. Payne is not accountable for this sentence.

with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or of strength, that it is part and parcel of the common law. It is not now for the first time left to rely on the force of its own evidences, and the attractions of its own beauty. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain, is not, to all appearance, reserved for any of those who have in this age directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of the Christian Religion shows, that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her author. They bow the knee, and spit upon her; they cry Hail! and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre into her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the wounds which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain.

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THE GREAT CHARTER OF ENGLAND.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

It is observable that the language of the Great Charter is simple, brief, general without being abstract, and expressed in terms of authority, not of argument, yet commonly so reasonable as to carry with it the intrinsic evidence of its own fitness. It was understood by the simplest of the unlettered age for whom it was intended. It was remembered by them; and though they did not perceive the extensive consequences which might be derived from it, their feelings were, however unconsciously, exalted by its generality and grandeur.

It was a peculiar advantage that the consequences of its principles were, if we may so speak, only discovered gradually and slowly. It gave out on each occasion only as much of the spirit of liberty and reformation as the circumstances of succeeding generations required, and as their character would

safely bear. For almost five centuries it was appealed to as the decisive authority on behalf of the people, though commonly so far only as the necessities of each case demanded. Its effect in these contests was not altogether unlike the grand process by which nature employs snows and frosts to cover her delicate germs, and to hinder them from rising above the earth till the atmosphere has acquired the mild and equal temperature which insures them against blights. On the English nation, undoubtedly, the Charter has contributed to bestow the union of establishment with improvement. To all mankind it set the first example of the progress of a great people for centuries, in blending their tumultuary democracy and haughty nobility with a fluctuating and vaguely limited monarchy, so as at length to form from these discordant materials the only form of free government which experience had shown to be reconcilable with widely extended dominions. Whoever, in any future age or unborn nation, may admire the felicity of the expedient which converted the power of taxation into the shield of liberty, by which discretionary and secret imprisonment was rendered impracticable, and portions of the people were trained to exercise a larger share of judicial power than was ever allotted to them in any other civilized state, in such a manner as to secure instead of endangering public tranquillity;—whoever exults at the spectacle of enlightened and independent assemblies, who, under the eye of a well-informed nation, discuss and determine the laws and policy likely to make communities great and happy;—whoever is capable of comprehending all the effects of such institutions, with all their possible improvements, upon the mind and genius of a people, is sacredly bound to speak with reverential gratitude of the authors of the Great Charter. To have produced it, to have preserved it, to have matured it, constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind. Her Bacons and Shakspeares, her Miltons and Newtons, with all the truth which they have revealed, and all the generous virtue which they have inspired, are of inferior value when compared with the subjection of men and their rulers to the principles of justice; if, indeed, it be not more true that these mighty spirits could not have been formed except under equal laws, nor roused to full activity without the influence of that spirit which the Great Charter breathed over their forefathers.

### CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.—*Webster.*

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honourable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence.—I shall not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honoured the country, and the whole country. Their renown is of the treasures of the whole country; and Him, whose honoured name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name, so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State, or neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South

Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution—hand in hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

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### CHARACTER OF BURKE.

But Mr. Burke, assuredly, possessed an understanding admirably fitted for the investigation of truth,—an understanding stronger than that of any statesman, active or speculative, of the eighteenth century,—stronger than every thing, except his own fierce and ungovernable sensibility. Hence, he generally chose his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. His conduct, in the most important events of his life,—at the time of the impeachment of Hastings, for example, and at the time of the French Revolution,

seems to have been prompted by those feelings and motives, which Mr. Coleridge has so happily described:

> 'Stormy pity, and the cherished lure
> Of pomp, and proud precipitance of soul.'

Hindostan, with its vast cities, its gorgeous pagodas, its infinite swarms of dusky population, its long-descended dynasties, its stately etiquette, excited in a mind so capacious, so imaginative, and so susceptible, the most intense interest. The peculiarities of the costume, of the manners, and of the laws, the very mystery which hung over the language and origin of the people, seized his imagination. To plead in Westminster Hall, in the name of the English people, at the bar of the English nobles, for great nations and kings separated from him by half the world, seemed to him the height of human glory. Again, it is not difficult to perceive, that his hostility to the French Revolution principally arose from the vexation which he felt, at having all his old political associations disturbed, at seeing the well-known boundary-marks of states obliterated, and the names and distinctions with which the history of Europe had been filled for ages, swept away. He felt like an antiquarian whose shield had been scoured, or a connoisseur, who found his Titian retouched. But however he came by an opinion, he had no sooner got it, than he did his best to make out a legitimate title to it. His reason, like a spirit in the service of an enchanter, though spell-bound, was still mighty. It did whatever work his passions and his imagination might impose. But it did that work, however arduous, with marvellous dexterity and vigour. His course was not determined by argument; but he could defend the wildest course by arguments more plausible, than those by which common men support opinions which they have adopted, after the fullest deliberation. Reason has scarcely ever displayed, even in those well-constituted minds of which she occupies the throne, so much power and energy as in the lowest offices of that imperial servitude.

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SCENE FROM RICHARD SECOND.—*Shakspeare.*

*York*, with *King Richard*, *Bolingbroke*, officers, &c.

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself;
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved;
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

*North.* No more but that you read [*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;

Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurped:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.
Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again:

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin! Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

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### FILIAL AFFECTION.—*Sheridan.*

And yet, my Lords, how can I support the claim of filial love by argument—much less the affection of a son to a mother—where love loses its awe, and veneration is mixed with tenderness? What can I say upon such a subject, what can I do but repeat the ready truths which, with the quick impulse of the mind, must spring to the lips of every man on such a theme? Filial love! the morality of instinct, the sacrament of nature and duty—or rather let me say it is miscalled a duty, for it flows from the heart without effort, and is its delight, its indulgence, its enjoyment. It is guided, not by the slow dictates of reason; it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought; it asks no aid of memory; it is an innate, but active, consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solicitudes, a thousand

waking watchful cares, of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. It is a gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations, not remembered, but the more binding because not remembered,—because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge, or the infant memory record them—a gratitude and affection, which no circumstances should subdue, and which few can strengthen; a gratitude, in which even injury from the object, though it may blend regret, should never breed resentment; an affection which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it, and which is then most fervent when the tremulous voice of age, resistless in its feebleness, inquires for the natural protector of its cold decline.

If these are the general sentiments of man, what must be their depravity, what must be their degeneracy, who can blot out and erase from the bosom the virtue that is deepest rooted in the human heart, and twined within the cords of life itself—aliens from nature, apostates from humanity! And yet, if there is a crime more fell, more foul—if there is any thing worse than a wilful persecutor of his mother—it is to see a deliberate, reasoning instigator and abettor to the deed:—this it is that shocks, disgusts, and appals the mind more than the other—to view, not a wilful parricide, but a parricide by compulsion, a miserable wretch, not actuated by the stubborn evils of his own worthless heart, not driven by the fury of his own distracted brain, but lending his sacrilegious hand, without any malice of his own, to answer the abandoned purposes of the human fiends that have subdued his will!—To condemn crimes like these, we need not talk of laws or of human rules—their foulness, their deformity does not depend upon local constitutions, upon human institutes or religious creeds:—they are crimes—and the persons who perpetuate them are monsters who violate the primitive condition upon which the earth was given to man—they are guilty by the general verdict of human kind.

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### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—*Campbell.*

*Wizard—Lochiel.*

*Wizard.* LOCHIEL! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.* Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.* Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother screamed o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.* False Wizard avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock;
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

*Wizard.* ——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

*Lochiel.* ——Down soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

ATTACHMENT OF THE INDIANS TO THE SOIL.—*Everett.**

Sir, the Indians are attached to the soil; it is their own; and though, by your subtilties of state logic, you make it out that it is not their own, they think it is; they love it as their own. It is the seat of their council fires, not always illegal, as your State laws now call them. The time has been, and that not very distant, when, had the king of France, or of Spain, or of England, talked of its being illegal for the Choctaws or Cherokees to meet at their council fire, they would have answered, "Come and prevent us." It is the soil in which are gathered the bones of their fathers. This idea, and the importance attached to it by the Indians, have been held up to derision by one of the officers of the government. He has told the Indians that "the bones of their fathers cannot benefit them, stay where they are as long as they may." I touch with regret on that, upon which the gentleman from New York has laid his heavy hand. I have no unkind feeling towards the gentleman, who has unadvisedly made this suggestion. But the truth is, this is the very point on which the Indian race—sensitive on all points—is most peculiarly alive. It is proverbial. Governors Cass and Clark, in their official report the last winter, tell you, that "We will not sell the spot which contains the bones of our fathers," is almost always the first answer to a proposition for a sale. The mysterious mounds which are seen in different parts of the country, the places of sepulture for tribes that have disappeared, are objects of reverence to the remnants of such tribes as long as any such remain.

Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, tells you of such a case. Unknown Indians came through the country, by a path known to themselves, through the woods, to visit a mound in his neighbourhood. Who they were no one knew, nor whence they came, nor what was the tribe to whose ashes they had made their pilgrimage. It is well known that there are tribes who celebrate the great feast of the dead—an awful but affecting commemoration. They gather up the bones of all who have died since the last return of the festival, cleanse them from their impurities, collect them in a new deposit, and cover them again with the sod. Shall we, in the complacency of our superior light, look without indulgence on the pious weakness of these children of

* House of Representatives, May 30, 1830.

nature? Shall we tell them that the bones of their fathers, which they visit after the lapse of ages, which they cherish, though clothed in corruption, can do them no good? It is as false in philosophy as in taste. The man who reverences the ashes of his fathers—who hopes that posterity will reverence his—is bound by one more tie to the discharge of social duty.

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### INVECTIVE AGAINST REGULUS.—*Tacitus.*

"THIS," he said, "was an act of barbarity not imputable to Nero. Did that tyrant order it? or, did you, Regulus, advance your dignity by that atrocious deed? Did your personal safety require it? Let us, if you will, admit, in some cases, the plea of necessity: let those, who, to save themselves, accomplish the ruin of others, be allowed, by such excuses, to extenuate their guilt. You, Regulus, have not that apology: after the banishment of your father, and the confiscation of his effects, you lived secure, beyond the reach of danger. Excluded by your youth from public honours, you had no possessions to tempt the avarice of Nero; no rising merit to alarm his jealousy. A rage for blood, early ambition, and avarice panting for the wages of guilt, were the motives that urged you on. Unknown at the bar, and never so much as seen in the defence of any man, you came upon mankind with talents for destruction. The first specimen of your genius was the murder of illustrious citizens. The commonwealth was reduced to the last gasp, and that was the crisis in which you plundered the remaining spoils of your country. You seized the consular ornaments, and, having amassed enormous riches, swelled your pride with the pontifical dignities. Innocent children, old men of the first eminence, and women of illustrious rank, have been your victims. It was from you that Nero learned a system of compendious cruelty. The slow progress with which he carried slaughter from house to house, did not satisfy your thirst for blood. The emperor, according to your doctrine, fatigued himself and his band of harpies by destroying single families at a time, when it was in his power, by his bare word, to sweep away the whole senate to destruction. Retain amongst you, conscript fathers, if such be your pleasure, retain this son of mischief, this man of despatch, that the age may have its own distinctive character, and send down to posterity a

model for imitation. Marcellus and Crispus gave lessons of villany to your fathers: let Regulus instruct the rising generation. We see, that daring iniquity, even when unsuccessful, has its followers: when it thrives and flourishes, will it want admirers? We have before us a man, no higher at present than the rank of quæstor; and if we are now afraid of proceeding against him, what think you will be the case, when we see him exalted to the prætorian and the consular dignity? Do we flatter ourselves, that the race of tyrants ended with Nero? The men who survived Tiberius, reasoned in that manner; after the death of Caligula they said the same; but another master succeeded, more cruel, and more detestable. From Vespasian we have nothing to fear. He is at the time of life when the passions subside; the virtues of moderation and humanity are his: but virtue operates slowly, while pernicious examples remain in force, and teach a system of cruelty when the tyrant is no more. As to us, conscript fathers, we have lost all our vigour: we are no longer the senate that condemned Nero to death, and in the spirit of ancient times called aloud for vengeance on the ministers and advisers of that evil period. The day that succeeds the downfal of a tyrant is always the best."

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SCENE FROM KING JOHN.—*Shakspeare.*

*Hubert*, *Attendants*, and *Arthur*.

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
now, foolish rheum! *Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. Do, as I bid you do. [*Stamps.*

*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *At.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exe.*

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to your's.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre* him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

* *Tarre*,—stimulate.

PALM-TREE IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But far the exiled Palm-tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there!—the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed,
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers:
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been—
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chesnut flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soûl it broke!

It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;—
All through his wakening bosom swept:
He clasped his country's Tree—and wept!

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills—
These have one fountain deep and clear,—
The same whence gushed that child-like tear!

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### THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN ON THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Every body knew that whole nations and communities might be held under an arbitrary domination; that the influence of power might wither and extinguish all the feelings and desires which tended to exalt and improve human nature; that men might be held in a state of servitude, and even reconciled to the loss of all their civil rights and privileges. This might be done—this had been done: but what arbitrary power could not do was, to keep a nation—and the Catholics of Ireland might, with reference to their numbers, be called a nation—in a state of deprivation of their natural rights, while they were intermixed with another people who were in the full enjoyment of civil liberty. All the ingenuity of the most learned lawyers—all the penal statutes which might be heaped upon the table of the house, could not shut the door against the influence of such freedom, could not intercept the feelings which must arise from the interchange of sentiments, the communication of wealth between the nation in thraldom and the nation which was free. If they still resolved to withhold from the Catholics the light and warmth of the sun of the constitution, they must not be surprised that they should seek illumination from those wandering lights, which fitfully and partially irradiated the political

atmosphere, and glittered only to betray. Let their lordships think to what manner of nation it was that they were asked to apply this rigorous restriction. It was a nation which he hardly felt himself able to describe, and to which he should therefore apply the words of a writer, who was not less famed for the force and beauty of his prose than for the inimitable excellence of his poetry. Milton, in speaking of the English nation, and addressing its rulers, said, "Lords and Commons of England! Consider what nation it is whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."—Such a nation was Ireland. He besought the house to remember, that over this nation was exerted that tremendous engine of modern times—the press; a power which, like that of electricity, roused the latent fire which existed in every part of the national economy, and woke every sympathy of human nature to the keen enjoyment of the advantages which existed for the universal good of society. The people of Ireland were invited to participate in the advantages of the extensive commerce which was one of the chief distinctions of England amongst the other nations of the world, and in all the hopes of higher and more noble things to which that commerce gave birth. They were invited to enter the army and the navy, and they were taught to imbibe a love of honour, and to seek for its reward. They were invited to become the possessors of landed property—one day he should take occasion to show the house to what extent they had accepted this invitation—and, consequently, to encourage a wish to cultivate those honourable relations, and to obtain that distinction to which the possession of landed property naturally led them to look, and which would alone enable them to make to their country a fitting return for those honours. After these feelings had been excited, after these hopes had been encouraged, did their lordships think that by penal acts of Parliament they could stifle the discontent which disappointment had engendered, or cure the sickness which was the consequence of those hopes delayed? It was not by making, but by repealing penal statutes, that they could hope to effect such a purpose. Such instruments were wholly unequal and unfitted for the purpose.

——"The elements
Of which your swords are tempered, may as well

Wound the loud winds; or, with be-mocked-at stabs,
Kill the still closing waters."

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### CAPTAIN CAPPERBAR AND MR. CHEEKS.—*Marryat.*

*A Dialogue.*

Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?

Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.

Well?

Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom.

Very good. And what is Hilton about?

He has finished the spare-leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second-lieutenant.

A job for the second-lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission;

His standing bed-place is broke, sir: he is only getting out a chock or two.

Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober, last night.

Please your honour, I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.

Take you care, Mr. Cheeks.—Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?

Why, Thomsom and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden, out of the jibboom; I've saved the heel to return.

Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?

No, Sir, it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole.

Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast, at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see—oh! the painters must go on shore, to finish the attics.

Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealowsees* to be painted vermillion: she says it will look more rural.

Mrs. Capperbar ought to *know enough* about ship's stores, by this time, to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?

Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.

By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boats' masts?

Only the one carried away, sir.

Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C—— has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made, while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean.

Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I havn't glass enough—they grumbled at the yard last time."

Mrs. C—— must wait a little. What are the armourers about.

They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first-lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.

Who dares say that?

The first lieutenant, sir.

Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up.

The armourer has made six rakes, and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade.

Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens, since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor, this time; but take care.—Send the boatswain to me.

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EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH ON PORTUGAL.—*Canning.*

I SET out by saying, that there were many reasons which induced me to think, that nothing short of a point of national honour could make desirable any approximation to the danger of war; but let me be distinctly understood as not meaning that I dread war in a good cause, and I trust that in no other will it ever be the lot of this country to engage; that I dread war from a distrust of our powers and of our resources to meet it. No. I dread it upon far other grounds. I dread it, because I am conscious of the tremendous power which this country possesses, of pushing any war in which she may

now be engaged, to consequences, at the bare contemplation of which I shudder. It will be recollected, that when, some years ago, I took the liberty of adverting to a topic of this nature, when it was referred to in this house, with respect to the position of this country at the present time, I then stated, that our position was not merely one of neutrality between contending nations, but between contending principles and opinions; that it was a position of neutrality, which alone preserved the balance of power, the maintenance of which I believed necessary to the safety and welfare of Europe. Nearly four years, or rather three years and a half, of experience, have confirmed, and not altered, the opinions then declared; and I still fear, that the next war in Europe, if it should spread beyond the narrow compass of Portugal and Spain, will be a war of the most tremendous nature—because it will be a war of conflicting opinions; and I know that, if the interests and the honour of this country should oblige us to enter into it, although we might enter it, as I trust we shall always do, with a firm desire to mitigate rather than to exasperate—to contend with arms, and not with opinions; yet I know that this country could not avoid seeing ranked under her banners all the restless, and all the dissatisfied, whether with cause, or without cause, of every nation with which she might be placed at variance. I say, sir, the consciousness of this fact—the knowledge that there is in the hands of this country such a tremendous power—induces me to feel as I do feel. But it is one thing to have 'a giant's strength,' and another thing to use it like a giant.' The consciousness that we have this power keeps us safe. Our business is not to seek out opportunities for displaying it, but to keep it, so that it may be hereafter shown that we knew its proper use, and to shrink from converting the umpire into the oppressor.—

Sir, the consequences of the letting loose of those passions which are all chained up, may be such as would lead to a scene of desolation, such as no one can, for a moment contemplate without horror, and such as I could never lie easy upon my couch, if I had the consciousness of having by one hour, precipitated. This, then, is the reason—a reason the reverse of fear—a reason the contrary of disability—why I dread the recurrence of a war. That this reason may be felt by those who are acting on opposite principles, before the time for using our power shall arrive, I would bear much, and I would forbear long; I would almost put up with any thing

that did not touch our national faith and national honour, rather than let slip the furies of war, the lash of which is in our hands, while we know not whom they may reach, and doubt where the devastation may end. Such is the love of peace which the British government acknowledges, and such the duty of peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. In obedience to this conviction, and with the hope of avoiding extremities, I will push no further the topics of this part of the address. Let us defend Portugal, whoever may be the assailants, because it is a work of duty; and let us end where that duty ends. We go to Portugal, not to rule, not to dictate, not to prescribe laws; we go but to plant there the standard of England, that there foreign dominion shall not come.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

I do not intend to occupy the house with a reply; but there have been two or three objections taken by honourable gentlemen which I should be sorry to leave unanswered. I admit I understated the case against Spain—I did so purposely—I did so designedly. I wished to show no more of her conduct than was sufficient to establish the *casus fœderis*, but not to state so much as would make it impossible for Spain to avoid war. The honourable gentleman who spoke last wishes, in his great love for peace, to do that which would make war inevitable. He would not interfere now—he would wish to tell Spain, 'You have not done enough to rouse us—you have given no cause of offence—I think nothing of your hovering over my frontiers—I think nothing of your coming in arms, of your ravaging my plains, and carrying destruction into my cities—I think nothing of your collecting knots of conspirators, and of your supplying them with food, clothing, and arms—nothing of your training them, supplying them with Spanish stores, and of your sending them into Portugal. I will not stir for all these things; but, in order to keep the peace in Europe, which I so dearly love, I call on you to make a declaration of war, and then I'll come and fight you.' That is the effect of the hon. member's speech—that his contrivance to keep the peace. The more clumsy contrivance of government has been, to warn the Spanish authorities that they were known to meditate disturbances in Portugal. His

majesty's ministers said to them—'Beware of your proceedings, for we are sure to avenge your deeds: it is with you to determine if the present misunderstanding shall end in open hostilities.' In the meantime the question is open to any measures of reconcilement; and whether ministers or the hon. gentleman are right—whether we ought to have endeavoured to obtain the grand object of his chivalrous imagination, a trial of that question upon a tented field, and in a listed battle—if it was really our duty, as we ourselves apprehend, to nip the disorder in the bud; or if, according to the hon. gentleman, we ought to let it grow up to maturity, in order to mow it down with the more magnificent scythe of war,—I leave the house to determine. It has been complained that no papers have been laid before the house. The facts which call for our interference might be made as notorious as the noon-day sun. It should be remembered, that if this course had been taken—if an act of unmistakeable hostility on the part of Spain had been demonstrated by papers laid on the table of the house, Spain would have been precluded from that *locus penitentiæ* which I was desirous to leave to her. I did not wish to cut off all means of retreat—to drive Spain into a corner from which she could have no escape. I hope I have sufficiently explained the reasons why I understate the case against Spain. With the knowledge which my official situation necessarily gives me, I make a statement to the house such as I judge will be sufficient to answer my purpose. It is for the house in general to judge whether I have succeeded. My hon. friend, if he ask at the proper time, should that time arrive, will be convinced that it is not from want of evidence that my statement is not so full as he wished it to be. An amendment has been made upon the original proposition, and it has been justified by a reference to a declaration which I made some years ago, when I stated that it would be exceedingly onerous for this country to engage in war—which declaration has been supposed to be inconsistent with the measure which I now propose. The variation between the two cases upon which I ground the difference of conduct is that, in the one instance, I maintained that war was to be avoided when we were not obliged to engage in it; whereas, in the present case, I say, that unless it can be averted by seasonable demonstrations on the part of this country, war cannot be avoided. I do not, therefore, change my opinions as to the desirableness of peace; nor do I the less deprecate the necessity of war; but I say that, in

the former instance, though, in the opinion of some respectable persons in and out of parliament, it might have been politic to embark in war, my argument was, that we were not bound by any engagement of good faith or honour to engage in war—that our choice, in short, was free, and, being free, my choice was for peace. My argument, at the present day, is, that we have no choice—our faith is engaged; our honour is pledged; and, with all the same predilections for peace which I then professed, I maintain that no course is left to us on the present occasion, but that which is dictated both by honour and policy, to maintain the faith of the country, and to fulfil the national engagements. It has been suggested, that the foreign enlistment act might be repealed on the present occasion, and Mina and his associates be enabled to rush to the contest, and by that means obviate the effect of the aggression upon Portugal.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

Believing, sir, as I do, that such a measure would entail the heaviest calamities upon that country, I cannot consent to give it my countenance. I am ready to admit, sir, in the first place, that the foreign enlistment bill was passed principally at the instigation of Spain, and that that bill operated more in her favour than in that of any other European power. In the next place, I am ready to admit, that the whole conduct of Spain has been to do directly towards Portugal those acts, which Spain earnestly implored Great Britain to take away from British subjects the power of doing towards her. If we do what is suggested, there would be some ground for saying to this country, 'you recognised and acted upon a principle in 1819, when you had no private interests to promote—you last year, acting upon that principle, refused to withdraw the protection afforded to foreign powers by that bill; but you now withdraw it, and violate that principle where you have a private interest to promote.' I admit, there would be strong ground for saying to Spain:—'Since the year 1819, we have given you the benefit of a particularly efficient measure, and you have thought proper, since last year, to turn that very measure, conferred solely for your own protection, against the pacific interests of our ally. Are we not fairly entitled, then, to place you where you would have

been, had that act never passed?' This would, undoubtedly, have justified the revocation of the bill from Spain: that I most clearly admit; but I do not equally well see how it would apply to the other great objects involved in such a question as this, and which I have rather adumbrated than overstated in my opening speech. The great desire of this country ought undoubtedly to be, to effect her purpose by the most lenient means. If circumstances should lead to hostilities, and that war must rage in Spain, the course now taken by Great Britain would rather take from war that most tremendous of all characters which could attach to such an event, were it once driven to assume the name of a war of opinion. If we are to have war, let us—if we can take from it that character which has been so ably and so eloquently described by an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Brougham)—that tremendous character which must attach to war, when war is let loose in the shape of a war of opinion. I sir, for one, should be extremely sorry to be driven, whatever acts Spain might be guilty of, to have recourse to that most lamentable and disastrous mode of warfare.—Another point has been touched upon by an honourable member, who, in a speech with which, in no other respect, I find fault, has, in the most handsome and able manner, stated his reasons for approving of the line of conduct adopted, in this instance, by his majesty's government. That honourable member has said, 'Instead of repealing the foreign enlistment bill, call upon France to withdraw her armies from Spain.' There are sir, so many considerations connected with that subject, that they would carry me beyond what it is necessary to state upon the present occasion. It is enough now to state, that I do not know how the French army can be employed to promote the views of Spain. I believe the effect of the presence of the French army in Spain, is the protection, rather than otherwise, of that very party, to put down which, the aid of that army was called in; and my firm belief is, that the first and immediate consequence of the withdrawal of that army, at a moment of excitement, would be the letting loose of that party rage, of which the party least in numbers would be the victims. But when it is stated, that the presence of the French army in Spain has entirely altered the relative situations of France and Great Britain, and that France is thereby raised, and Great Britain lowered, in the eyes of Europe, I must beg leave, most humbly, to give my dissent to that proposition. The house knows—the country knows—that

when the French army was on the point of entering Spain, that I, in common with the other members of his majesty's government, did all in my power to prevent it; that we did resist, and that we were most anxious to resist it, by every means short of war. We did not think the entry of that army into Spain a sufficient ground for war on the part of this country; and that, sir, for various reasons, and, among others for this, that whatever effects a war, commenced upon the mere ground of the entry of a French army into Spain, may have, the effect it would not have, would be this—to get that army out of Spain. I again repeat, that a war, entered into for the express purpose of getting the French army out of Spain would defeat the object wished to be obtained.—I also think, sir, that the effects of the entry of the French army into Spain have been exaggerated; and think that those exaggerations are to be attributed to these circumstances—that the connexion between France and Spain is mixed up with recollections of the most brilliant, the most glorious, periods of English history.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Concluded.*

Now, however the withdrawal of the French army might be in other respects and at other times desirable, I cannot allow that it at all affects the present question. On the contrary, I most sincerely believe that the exertions of France are directed to the preservation of existing treaties; and it is my conviction, that if the army was withdrawn, the situation of affairs would not be remedied; while, in a moment of such excitement, party rage would re-assume its desperate violence, and that class, avowedly the least in numbers, would, beyond question, become its victims. The most exaggerated importance has always, in my opinion, been attached in this country to the connexion between France and Spain. I ask the house to look back to the time of Anne, when the question of the association of France and Spain was agitated. I ask the house to look back to the votes of parliament at that period, where they will find, that the parliament had voted that no peace could be made between the two countries, while Spain remained in the power of France; or, rather, whilst a Bourbon sat upon the throne of Spain. Look to the exaggerated apprehensions of those days, and

see how they have been realized; look back to the state of Spain in those days—look at her when she was a most formidable power—when she was a power of such strength as to threaten to blow up the whole world. Look at her in those days, and you will see that England was then fixed in a nook of that Spain—that our possession of the Rock of Gibraltar was contemporary with those exaggerated apprehensions. I do not believe, sir, the danger which could accrue from the possession of Spain by France, to be so great as it is represented. Spain *now* is not what Spain was *then*. Where can we now find that Spain, in the map of the world, which was to have swallowed up the power of maritime England? Do we still remain in a nook of that same Spain—Gibraltar; where we have settled at a period contemporaneous with those fears, holding a firm and unshaken occupation up to this hour? And where, now, is that nation which 'was to have shaken us from our sphere?' That Spain of old maps was, be it remembered, the Spain within the limits of whose empire the sun never set—it was Spain with the Indies;—where will you find her now? When the French army entered Spain, we might, if we chose, have resisted that measure by a war; but, sir, if we had resisted it by a war, that war would not be a war entered into for the same object for which the wars of other days were undertaken; that war would not have been a war for the restoration of the balance of power. Other means should be resorted to for that purpose, if necessary. The balance of power in Europe varied as civilization advanced, and new nations sprung up in Europe. One hundred years ago, France, Spain, the Netherlands, and perhaps Austria, constituted the balance of power. Within the next thirty years, Russia started up. Within the following thirty years, Prussia became a power of importance; and thus the balance of power, and the means of preserving it, were enlarged. The means of preserving the balance were enlarged, I may say, in proportion to the number of states—in proportion to the number of weights which could be put into the one scale or the other. To take a leaf, sir, from the book of the policy of Europe in the times of William and of Anne, for the purpose of regulating the balance of power in Europe at the present day, is to be utterly regardless of the march of events, and to regulate our policy by a confusion of facts. I admit, sir, that the entry of a French army into Spain was a disparagement to Great Britain—was a blow to the feelings of this country. I do not stand up

here to deny that fact. One of the modes of redress was, by a direct attack upon France—by a war upon the soil of Spain. The other was, to make the possession of that country harmless in rival hands—to make it worse than harmless, to make it injurious to the possessor. The latter mode I have adopted. Do you think, that, for the disparagement to England, we have not been compensated? Do you think, that, for the blockade of Cadiz, England has not been fully compensated? I looked, sir, at Spain by another name than Spain. I looked upon that power as Spain and the Indies. I looked at the Indies, and there I have called a new world into existence, and thus redressed the balance of power. I redeemed the movement of France, while I left her own act upon her, unmitigated and unredressed, so that I believe she would be thankful to have relief from the responsibility of her assumed undertaking, and to get rid of a burden which has become too bitter to be borne without complaint. Thus, sir, I answer the question of the occupation of Spain by the army of France. That occupation is an unpaid and unredeemed burthen to France. I say that France would be glad to get rid of the possession of Spain. I say, sir, that France would be very glad if England were to assist her to get rid of that possession. I say, that the only way to rivet France to the possession of Spain is, to make that possession a point of honour. I believe, sir, there is no other point upon which it is necessary to trouble the house with any explanation. I believe no other point has been adverted to by those honourable members who have so unequivocally and honourably supported this motion, and I should be ungrateful for their support if I were to detain the house with a single observation more than is absolutely necessary. The object of this measure is not war. I repeat, sir, that the object of this measure is not war. The object of this measure is to take the last chance of peace. If England does not promptly go to the aid of Portugal, Portugal will be trampled down, and England will be disgraced, and then war will come, and come, too, in the train of degradation. If we wait until Spain have courage to ripen her secret machinations into open hostility, we shall have war, we shall have the war of the pacificators, and who can then say when that war will end?

### IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.—*Webster.*

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government, whose thought should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the People when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth,

still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole Heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

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### LIVING POETS OF ENGLAND.—*Moore.*

[This speech was delivered at a dinner given to the poet at Paris. The song alluded to was one composed for the occasion, and complimented Mr. Moore, by placing him at the head of the living poets of England.]

Gentlemen, notwithstanding the witty song which you have just heard, and the flattering elevation which the author has assigned me, I cannot allow such a mark of respect to be paid to the illustrious names that adorn the literature of the present day, without calling your attention awhile to the singular constellation of genius, and asking you to dwell a little on the brightness of each particular star that forms it. Can I name to you a Byron, without recalling to your hearts, recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his burning words, his intense passions, that disposition of fine fancy to wander only among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and, like the chesnut-tree, that grows best in volcanic soil, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark? Need I mention to you a Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvest of the south; whose beautiful creations succeed each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted garden—'one scarce is gathered ere another grows!' Shall I recall to you a Rogers, (to me, endeared by friendship as well as genius,) who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory, among the most imperishable tablets there? A Southey, not the laureate, but the author of "Don Roderick," one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language? A Camp-

bell, the polished and spirited Campbell, whose song of "Innisfal" is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystallized by the touch of genius, and made eternal? A Wordsworth, a poet, even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great pool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse? A Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it? I could enumerate, gentlemen, still more, and from thence would pass with delight to dwell upon the living poets of our own land; —the dramatic powers of a Maturin and a Sheil, the former consecrated by the applause of a Scott and a Byron, and the latter by the tears of some of the brightest eyes in the empire; the rich imagination of a Phillips, who has courted successfully more than one muse—the versatile genius of a Morgan, who was the first that mated our sweet Irish strains with poetry worthy of their pathos and their force. But I feel I have already trespassed too long upon your patience and your time. I do not regret, however, that you have deigned to listen with patience to this humble tribute to the living masters of the English lyre, which I, 'the meanest of the throng,' thus feebly, but heartily, have paid them.

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### HORRORS OF WAR.—*Chalmers.*

The first great obstacle, then, to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors, by the splendour of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest, and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families. There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valour struggle for a remembrance and a name; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcases of the fallen,

and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more who have been laid on the cold ground, where they are left to languish and to die. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home—without one companion to close his eyes.

I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive colouring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence. All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle, on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever, from its simple but sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quiet-

ness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stript of its many and its bewildering fascinations.

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### MEANS OF ABOLISHING WAR.—*Chalmers.*

LET one take up the question of war in its principle, and make the full weight of his moral severity rest upon it, and upon all its abominations. Let another take up the question of war in its consequences, and bring his every power of graphical description to the task of presenting an awakened public with an impressive detail of its cruelties and its horrors. Let another neutralize the poetry of war, and dismantle it of all those bewitching splendours, which the hand of misguided genius has thrown over it. Let another teach the world a truer, and more magnanimous path to national glory, than any country of the world has yet walked in. Let another tell, with irresistible argument, how the christian ethics of a nation is at one with the christian ethics of its humblest individual. Let another bring all the resources of his political science to unfold the vast energies of defensive war, and show, that instead of that ceaseless jealousy and disquietude, which are ever keeping alive the flame of hostility among the nations, each may wait in prepared security, till the first footstep of an invader shall be the signal for mustering around the standard of its outraged rights, all the steel, and spirit, and patriotism of the country. Let another pour the light of modern speculation into the mysteries of trade, and prove that not a single war has been undertaken for any of its objects, where the millions and the millions more which were lavished on the cause, have not all been cheated away from us by the phantom of an imaginary interest. This may look to many like the utopianism of a romantic anticipation—but I shall never despair of the cause of truth addressed to a christian public, when the clear light of principle can be brought to every one of its positions, and when its practical and conclusive establishment forms one of the most distinct of Heaven's prophecies—"that men shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn the art of war any more."

### EXTRACT FROM MR. SHIEL'S SPEECH, IN PARLIAMENT, ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

It has been urged that the close boroughs have supplied the means of admitting men of distinguished abilities, who could not otherwise have obtained an access to this House. They were represented as the postern gates by which talents, which would have been excluded from the legitimate avenues, contrived to get in. Was it not probable that if the doors of this House had been thrown more widely open, genius and knowledge would have found, through the more constitutional entrance, an honourable way? But who were those that pressed round the back doors of Parliament? How were the crowd made up? How few were the statesmen, the orators, and political economists, compared with those by whom they were surrounded! He admitted that a splendid catalogue, an emblazoned muster-roll of genius, had been produced by the advocates of the Borough system. Mark, however, over what a vast space they were dispersed! In how black a firmament they sparkled. But was it not very remarkable that so many of these illustrious persons, who were cradled in close boroughs, and who preserved their political soundness, although they were nursed by corruption, were themselves opposed to the very system to which it was alleged that they owed their Parliamentary existence? What would be said of Chatham, Dunning, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and so many others? Try this case, not by the vote of the living, but by the votes of the dead; enter the sacred repository within whose echo the house deliberated—count the graves of the illustrious men who were opposed to Reform, and of those who were its advocates, and on that division it would be found that the majority of sepulchres were in its favour. But even if he were to admit that they were against it, and that this House would lose the chances (for they are but contingencies) of receiving men like them through the medium which is the theme of so much panegyric; yet what would be the loss compared with the certain deprivation of the public confidence? Place in one scale the antique genius of the elder Pitt—the extraordinary abilities of his illustrious son—the impassioned logic and inspired humanity of Fox—Sheridan's wit—Grattan's integrity—the sagacity of Windham—Tierney's eloquent common sense—and the multifarious endowments of the accomplished Canning,—and crown the splendid

accumulation with the surpassing name of Edmund Burke; and after you shall have hoarded and heaped up virtue, patriotism, wisdom, and eloquence together, throw in the opposite side, the confidence, the affection, the devoted allegiance, the enthusiastic sympathy, the entire hearts of millions of the people, and where was the man who would for a moment hesitate in determining the preponderance?

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

It was alleged that this measure destroyed the influence of the aristocracy. How? There were fifty-five new county members. From what class were they likely to be selected? Would they seek to build their fortunes out of the ruins of their country? Members were to be given to large towns. Would their inhabitants show no regard to opulence, to hereditary dignity, to ancient neighbourhood; and instead of looking for representatives amidst noble demesnes and venerable halls, would they accept every wandering knight-errant of sedition, and itinerant visionary in codification? There was a singular variance between the logic of the non-reformers and their sarcasms. They spoke of Tavistock with emphatic signification. They meant that the influence of the house of Bedford would continue. If so, why should not the influence of other great families continue elsewhere? Thus their syllogisms were overthrown by their satire, and their argument evaporates in their vituperation. This bill would not wrench their despotism from the oligarchy—it would not touch the legitimate influence of property, and birth, and station, and all the other circumstances which create a title to respect. It would take power from individuals, and give it to a class. It would cut off the secret and subterraneous conduit pipes, through which aristocratic influence is now conveyed to this House, and would make it flow in a broad, open, constitutional, and national channel. Away with the charge that it would weaken the Monarchy. The throne would be built on the confidence of the people, and find new pillars in the nobility; and so far from the crown being loosened on the head of the King, the diadem would be fastened by another band on the Royal brow. But it was said that this measure was not final; not final—what was there in human affairs that was? It had in it as deep a

principle of permanence as can be perhaps desired. The people ought not to be without their proposed remedies. All just grounds of complaint would be taken away; and it was reasonable to anticipate that the characteristic good feeling and good sense of the British nation would take, upon this measure, a firm stand. The objection that this measure was not final, embraced all change, and comprehended all reform. It was the favourite ritual of every idolator of every abuse. Beware, they exclaimed, of innovation. "All this," said Lord Bacon, "would be true if time stood still, which, however, moveth so round, that a froward retentation of custom is as turbulent a thing as innovation." Were the dangers all on one side? He had observed that the opponents of reform looked only at the possible dangers of concession, without any regard to the evils of denying it.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Concluded.*

They should not forget the principles which they themselves applied to Catholic Emancipation. It was with a very timid and cautious step that he ventured to approach that great transaction, which appeared to him to furnish the principles on which this House ought to decide on this equally momentous question. He begged to deprecate the most remote intention of availing himself of it (he was not so ungrateful) in order to turn it against a man whom he considered as a benefactor of his country, and who, in his judgment, had earned for himself a lasting renown. At that instant he felt with a peculiar force the value of his services. He trusted that he should not be considered to make undue or thankless use of the event to which he had referred, when he said that every argument which applied to the exigency of Emancipation applied with still greater force to Parliamentary Reform. He was convinced that when it was conceded, it was a lofty mitigation of any pain which might have accompanied its concession, that what was necessary was also just; but that it was granted from a well-founded apprehension of the consequences which might have followed from the adoption of an opposite course, was beyond all doubt. What single circumstance that rendered it unavoidable, did not meet the present case? The Irish Roman Catholics were strongly confederated; millions were in league; the popular

passions were arrayed and marshalled. He passed over many incidents, to which it might be painful to revert. This dreadful agitation could not longer continue; at last the Minister came down and said, "Much as it costs me, I sacrifice my feelings to my country; and to the salvation of the empire I make an immolation of myself." God forbid that I should refer to this acknowledgment, for the purpose of making any idle and thankless vaunt! He sought for liberty with a strenuousness proportioned to the nobleness of the acquisition: and having won it, he flung every factious recollection, as he would a viper, from his heart. It was, then, in a fair and candid spirit that he ventured to ask whether, if the pressure of the Catholic question was such as to bear down all impediments before it, there be not as much accumulation of political necessities—as deep a mass of imperative urgency—in Parliamentary Reform? There were many obstacles in the way of emancipation; a large proportion of the Irish Protestants, much of the property and intelligence of that country, and the deep but honest and conscientious, and therefore the more formidable, prejudices of the English people. Compare these obstructions with those that stand against reform. What were they? Where were the petitions against it? Who were its opponents? They might be counted. Who are its advocates? Millions of Britons, with their Sovereign at their head! If they had listened to the voice of Ireland, would they be deaf to the English invocation? If Ireland had force enough in her arm when she struck at the door of the Cabinet to make the mighty captain start, was the land of England so feeble and so powerless that they would not awaken at the thunder of her knocking. If Ireland was now in a state of evil susceptibility, the House should recollect that it was their own doing.

These were the results of years of agitation, produced by the madness of delay. Let them beware how they put England through a similar process of excitement. What! would they wait till all England should have been organized? Would they tarry until a great confederacy should have sprung up? Would they abide until the rostra of agitation should have been raised in every district? Would they procrastinate until the popular passions should have been maddened by ferocious eloquence, and infuriated by revolutionary harangue? Then, indeed, they would have cause to speak of the influence of the democracy;—then they would find the demands of the nation swollen into perilous enormi-

ty;—then they would behold the power of the people dilated beyond its just, and natural, and constitutional proportions, and ascending into a gigantic magnitude. Concede; and that they might concede in safety, concede in time.

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EXTRACT.—*Moore.*

[Reflections on reading De Cerceau's account of the conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347.—The meeting of the Conspirators on the night of the 19th of May.—Their Procession in the morning to the Capitol.—Rienzi's speech.]

'Twas a proud moment even to hear the words
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breathed,
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed—
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day
For his dear Rome, must to a Roman be—
Short as it was—worth ages passed away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May—beneath that moon
Which had, through many an age, seen time untune
The strings of this great empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—
The sound of the church clock, near Adrian's Tomb,
Summoned the warriors, who had risen for Rome,
To meet unarmed, with nought to watch them there
But God's own eye, and pass the night in prayer.
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for freedom's combat, pause
Before high Heaven, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that awful fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band,
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, fanned
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven—
Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
That were to bless them when their chains were riven.
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
While many a shade of other times, that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighing roved,
Hung o'er their footsteps up the sacred hill.

And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the republic passed.
'Twas then that thou, their tribune (name which brought
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)
Didst, from a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
To call up in her sons again, thus speak:—

"Romans! look round you—on this sacred place
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men—
What see you now? what solitary trace
Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?
The shrines are sunk, the sacred mount bereft
Even of its name—and nothing now remains
But the deep memory of that glory, left
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!
But shall this be? our sun and sky the same,
Treading the very soil our fathers trod,
What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
What visitation hath there come from God,
To blast our strength and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?
It cannot be—rise up, ye mighty dead,
If we, the living, are too weak to crush
These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy Palmyra! in thy desert domes,
Where only date-trees sigh, and serpents hiss;
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!
Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race
Have left no embers—no half-living trace—
No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,
Till past renown in present shame's forgot;
While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks,
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,
Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing world—
Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stained, and cursed,
Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,
By living human things—the deadliest, worst,
That earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!
And we—oh shame!—we, who have pondered o'er
The patriot's lesson, and the poet's lay;

Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
Tracking our country's glories all the way—
Even we have tamely, basely kissed the ground,
Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,
The World's Imperial Mistress—sitting, crowned
And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!
But this is past—too long have lordly priests
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
Withering about us—like devoted beasts,
Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
The Genius of the Old Republic, free
As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!"

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THE SULTAN AND MR. HASWELL.*—*Inchbald.*

*Sult.* ENGLISHMAN, you were invited hither to receive public thanks for our troops restored to health by your prescriptions. Ask a reward adequate to your services.

*Hasw.* Sultan, the reward I ask, is, leave to preserve more of your people still.

*Sult.* How more? my subjects are in health; no contagion visits them.

*Hasw.* The prisoner is your subject. There, misery, more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds: sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death. Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish; and who can tell but that, among the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts bent down with penitence, to heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some, among the wretched multitude, even innocent victims. Let me seek them out—let me save them and you.

*Sult.* Amazement! retract your application: curb this weak pity; and accept our thanks.

* The character of Haswell in this beautified extract was intended for Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, who died at Cherson in Crim Tartary, in 1790, of a malignant fever, caught by attending on a sick person at that place. He travelled over a great part of Europe and Asia in order to ascertain and mitigate the sufferings of prisoners.

*Hasw.* Restrain my pity!—and what can I receive in recompense for that soft bond which links me to the wretched? and, while it soothes their sorrow, repays me more than all the gifts an empire can bestow!—But, if it be a virtue—repugnant to your plan of government, I apply not in the name of *Pity*, but of *Justice.*

*Sult.* Justice!

*Hasw.* The justice that forbids all, but the worst of criminals, to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes.

*Sult.* Consider for whom you plead—for men (if not base culprits) so misled, so depraved, they are dangerous to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

*Hasw.* If not upon the undeserving—if not upon the wretched wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

*Sult.* Sir, your sentiments, still more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, that in our camps you visited each sick man's bed; administered yourself the healing draught; encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their better hope in death.—The *widow* speaks your *charities*, the *orphan* lisps your *bounties* and the *rough Indian* melts in tears to *bless you.*—I wish to ask why you have done all this?—what is it that prompts you thus to befriend the miserable and forlorn?

*Hasw.* It is in vain to explain:—the time it would take to reveal to you——

*Sult.* Satisfy my curiosity in writing then.

*Hasw.* Nay, if you will read, I'll send a book in which is already written why I act thus.

*Sult.* What book? what is it called?

*Hasw.* "*The Christian Doctrine.*" There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

*Sult.* Your words recal reflections that distract me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind, without confessing—*I am a Christian!*

### EXTRACT FROM MR. DENMAN'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF THE QUEEN.

[The individual alluded to in this extract, is the Duke of Clarence, now King of England.]

My Lords, we have heard—we daily hear—with alarm, that there are persons, and those not of the lowest condition, not confined to individuals connected with the public press, not even excluded from your august assembly, who are industriously circulating atrocious calumnies against her Majesty. Can this be? Is it credible—is it possible? If a juryman be found to possess any knowledge of the subject under trial, the law tells us that we may call him as a witness to the bar. This is our law in England, and our shield. Come forward, we may say, and let us confirm you—let us see if no explanation can be given of what you allege; no refutation effectually applied. But to any man, who could even be suspected of so base a practice as imparting calumnies to judges, distilling leprous venom into their ears, the Queen might well exclaim, "Stand forth, thou slanderer—let me see thy face; if thou wouldst equal the respectability even of an Italian witness, stand forth before these noble judges, and speak out what you know. As thou art, thou art worse than an assassin; for whilst I am meeting my accusers, face to face, thou art stabbing me unseen, and converting thy poisoned stiletto into the semblance of the sword of justice." I would fain say, my Lords, that it is utterly impossible that this can be true; but I cannot say it, because the fact meets me every where. I read it even in the public papers, and had I not known of its existence, for the dignity of human nature, I would have held it to be impossible that any one with the heart of a man, or with the honour of a peer, should so debase his heart and degrade his honour. I would impeach him as a judge; and if it were possible for the blood royal of England to stoop to such a course, I would fearlessly assert, that it is far more just that it should deprive him of his right of succession to the throne, than that all the allegations against the Queen, taking them to be true to the last letter, should warrant your Lordships in passing this bill of degradation and divorce against her.

### EXTRACT FROM MR. SHERIDAN'S SPEECH AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

I AM perfectly convinced that there is one idea, which must arise in your Lordships' minds as a subject of wonder, —how a person of Mr. Hastings' reputed abilities can furnish such matter of accusation against himself. For, it must be admitted that never was there a person who seemed to go so rashly to work, with such an arrogant appearance of contempt for all conclusions that may be deduced from what he advances upon the subject. When he seemed most earnest and laborious to defend himself, it appears as if he had but one idea uppermost in his mind—a determination not to care what he says, provided he keeps clear of fact. He knows that truth must convict him, and concludes, *á converso*, that falsehood will acquit him; forgetting that there must be some connection, some system, some co-operation, or otherwise, his host of falsities fall without an enemy, self-discomfited and destroyed. But of this he never seems to have had the slightest apprehension. He falls to work, an artificer of fraud, against all the rules of architecture;—he lays his ornamental work first, and his massy foundation at the top of it; and thus his whole building tumbles upon his head. Other people look well to their ground, choose their position, and watch whether they are likely to be surprised there; but he, as if in the ostentation of his heart, builds upon a precipice, and encamps upon a mine, from choice. He seems to have no one actuating principle, but a steady, persevering resolution not to speak the truth or to tell the fact.

It is impossible almost to treat conduct of this kind with perfect seriousness; yet I am aware that it ought to be more seriously accounted for—because I am sure it has been a sort of paradox, which must have struck your Lordships, how any person having so many motives to conceal—having so many reasons to dread detection—should yet go to work so clumsily upon the subject. It is possible, indeed, that it may raise this doubt—whether such a person is of sound mind enough to be a proper object of punishment; or at least it may give a kind of confused notion, that the guilt cannot be of so deep and black a grain, over which such a thin veil was thrown, and so little trouble taken to avoid detection. I am aware that, to account for this seeming paradox, historians, poets, and even philosophers—at least of ancient

times—have adopted the superstitious solution of the vulgar, and said, that the gods deprive men of reason whom they devote to destruction or to punishment. But to unassuming or unprejudiced reason, there is no need to resort to any supposed supernatural interference; for the solution will be found in the eternal rules that formed the mind of man, and gave a quality and nature to every passion that inhabits in it.

An honourable friend* of mine, who is now, I believe, near me,—a gentleman, to whom I never can on any occasion refer without feelings of respect, and, on this subject, without feelings of the most grateful homage;—a gentleman, whose abilities upon this occasion, as upon some former ones, happily for the glory of the age in which we live, are not entrusted merely to the perishable eloquence of the day, but will live to be the admiration of that hour when all of us are mute, and most of us forgotten;—that honourable gentleman has told you that prudence, the first of virtues, never can be used in the cause of vice. If, reluctant and diffident, I might take such a liberty, I should express a doubt, whether experience, observation, or history, will warrant us in fully assenting to this observation. It is a noble and a lovely sentiment, my Lords, worthy the mind of him who uttered it, worthy that proud disdain, that generous scorn of the means and instruments of vice, which virtue and genius must ever feel. But I should doubt whether we can read the history of a Philip of Macedon, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, without confessing, that there have been evil purposes, baneful to the peace and to the rights of men, conducted—if I may not say, with prudence or with wisdom—yet with awful craft and most successful and commanding subtlety. If, however, I might make a distinction, I should say that it is the proud attempt to mix a *variety* of lordly crimes, that unsettles the prudence of the mind, and breeds this distraction of the brain. *One* master-passion, domineering in the breast, may win the faculties of the understanding to advance its purpose, and to direct to that object every thing that thought or human knowledge can effect; but, to succeed, it must maintain a solitary despotism in the mind;—each rival profligacy must stand aloof, or wait in abject vassalage upon its throne. For, the power, that has not forbad the entrance of evil passions into men's minds, has, at least, forbad their union;—if they meet they defeat their object, and their conquest, or

*Mr. Burk.

their attempt at it, is tumult. Turn to the Virtues—how different the decree! Formed to connect, to blend, to associate, and to co-operate; bearing the same course, with kindred energies and harmonious sympathy, each perfect in its own lovely sphere, each moving in its wider or more contracted orbit, with different, but concentering powers, guided by the same influence of reason, and endeavouring at the same blessed end—the happiness of the individual, the harmony of the species, and the glory of the Creator. In the Vices, on the other hand, it is the discord that insures the defeat—each clamours to be heard in its own barbarous language; each claims the exclusive cunning of the brain; each thwarts and reproaches the other; and even while their fell rage assails with common hate the peace and virtue of the world, the civil war among their own tumultuous legions defeats the purpose of the foul conspiracy. These are the Furies of the mind, my Lords, that unsettles the understanding; these are the Furies, that destroy the virtue, Prudence,—while the distracted brain and shivered intellect proclaim the tumult that is within, and bear their testimonies, from the mouth of God himself, to the foul condition of the heart."

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### ATTACK ON LORD ELDON.—*Brougham.*

British Parliament, February 3, 1825.

THE Catholics first came to Parliament with a respectful request, and were met by refusal, and contumely: the natural result was, an insolent and unreasonable demand. Why not then revoke this policy? Why not redress grievances in Ireland, and apply conciliation instead of coercion? They could not answer for the result until they had made the trial. But what was the ground of alarm when the experiment was suggested? He knew that high, very high, in that cabinet was to be found the greatest learning, with the most experienced talents combined—were they afraid of losing the benefit of these great acquirements by pressing an obnoxious measure upon a particular individual? What, did they think the great seal would be in danger if they pressed this question? Did they think the venerable and learned person who held it would quit his possession on that account? Heavens! the very notion of such abandonment of office, was the most chimerical of all the chimeras that ever distempered

the brain of a poet. Surprised indeed should he be, to find any quittance of office in that quarter, before all sublunary things were at an end. That fear of public loss never crossed his apprehensive mind even in a dream. They greatly undervalued the steadiness of mind and purpose of their venerable colleague; there was nothing to equal the patient assiduity with which he bore the toils of his high station, the fortitude with which he endured to be thwarted: upon all questions of foreign and domestic trade he had at length consented to yield—ay, and so would he upon this Catholic question if it were equally pressed upon his reluctant attention. His composure under such circumstances, was only equalled by the fortitude with which he bore the prolonged solicitations of the suitors in his own court. To suppose that he would quit office on this account, was really to harbour the vainest fear that ever crossed the most fantastical imagination; his colleagues would see this, were they only to make the attempt upon the prepossessions of his great mind; they would soon find the predominating prevalence of that patriotic feeling, that there was no principle so strong as the love of saving one's country; and that in no offices was it so forcibly felt as in those of the highest rank, in those possessing the most extensive patronage and connexions; and that so much the more powerful and profitable were the office, so much higher would be the ardour, and zeal, and self-devotion which would not allow the venerable, the wise and good man, at all hazard of personal opinions, to tear himself from the service of his country. To damp such zeal for the public service would be, he repeated, to possess a power superior to that of Prince Hohenlohe. To remove this great personage would be a real miracle; the seals were his estate—his freehold; he has secured the term, and his last breath would be poured forth in the public service. The only question in law upon the matter was—who was to appoint his successor? He was not, for his unabated desire to do good to mankind, to be restricted to a mere life interest; the office must in him be devisable, and for the uses of his will. Indeed, there were indications which in a measure pointed to the successor, although that successor would find himself disappointed, if he hoped to get office during the natural life of the present holder.

### THE STATE TO WHICH SWITZERLAND WAS REDUCED BY THE INVASION OF THE FRENCH—*Sydney Smith.*

THE vengeance which the French took of the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive, and terrible. The history of Europe can afford no parallel of such cruelty. To dark ages, and the most barbarous nations of the east, we must turn for similar scenes of horror, and perhaps must turn in vain. The soldiers, dispersed over the country, carried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil, and hidden valleys of Switzerland: From the depth of sweet retreats echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadow of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature, which make solemn, and pure, the secret thoughts of man, and appal him with the majesty of God. The flying peasants saw, in the midst of the night, their cottages, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration. The men were shot upon the slightest provocation: innumerable women, after being exposed to the most atrocious indignities, were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the woods. In some instances this conduct was resented; and for symptoms of such an honourable spirit, the beautitul town of Altsdorf was burnt to the ground, and a single house left to show where it had stood. The town of Stantz, a town peculiarly dear to the Swiss, as it gave birth to one of the founders of their liberty, was reduced to a heap of cinders. In this town, in the fourteenth century, a Swiss general surprised, and took prisoner, the Austrian commander who had murdered his father; he forgave him, upon the simple condition of his not serving any more against the Swiss Cantons. When the French got possession of this place, they burnt it to ashes; not in a barbarous age, but now, yesterday, in an age we call philosophical; they burnt it because the inhabitants endeavoured to preserve their liberty. The Swiss was a simple peasant; French are a mighty people, combined for the regeneration of Europe. Oh, Europe, what dost thou owe to this mighty people? Dead bodies, ruinous heaps, broken hearts, waste places, childless mothers, widows, orphans, tears, endless confusion, and unutterable woe. For this mighty nation we have suffered seven years of unexampled wretchedness, a long period of discord, jealousy, privation, and horror, which every

reflecting man would almost wish blotted out from his existence. By this mighty people the Swiss have lost their country; that country which they loved so well, that if they heard but the simple song of their childhood, tears fell down every manly face, and the hearts of intrepid soldiers sobbed with grief. What, then, is all this done with impunity? Are the thunders of God dumb? Are there no lightnings in his right hand? Pause a little, before you decide on the ways of Providence; tarry, and see what will come to pass. There is a solemn, and awful courage in the human heart, placed there by God himself, to guard man against the tyranny of his fellows, and while this lives, the world is safe. There slumbers even now, perhaps, upon the mountains of Switzerland, some youthful peasant, unconscious of the soul he bears, that shall lead down these bold people from their rocks, to such deeds of courage as they have heard with their ears, and their fathers have declared unto them; to such as were done in their days, and in the old time before them, by those magnanimous rustics, who first taught foolish ambition to respect the wisdom, and the spirit of simple men, righteously and honestly striving for every human blessing. Let me go on a little further in this dreadful enumeration. More than thirty villages were sacked in the canton of Berne alone; not only was all the produce of the present year destroyed, but all the cattle unfit for human food were slaughtered, and the agricultural implements burnt; the certainty of famine was entailed upon them for the ensuing year; at the end of all this military execution, civil exactions, still more cruel, and oppressive were begun; and under the forms of government, and law, the most unprincipled men gave loose to their avarice, and rapacity, till Switzerland has sunk at last under the complication of her misfortunes, reduced to the lowest ebb of misery, and despair.

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### IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUOUS PRINCIPLE.—*Channing.*

I FEEL, as I doubt not many feel, that the great distinction of a nation, the only one worth possessing, and which brings after it all other blessings, is the prevalence of pure principle among the citizens. I wish to belong to a state, in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement, which I can speak of with an honest pride, in

whose records I may meet great and honoured names, and which is making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom. O save me from a country which worships wealth, and cares not for true glory; in which intrigue bears rule; in which patriotism borrows its zeal from the prospect of office; in which hungry sycophants throng with supplication all the departments of state; in which public men bear the brand of private vice, and the seat of government is a noisome sink of private licentiousness and public corruption. Tell me not of the honour of belonging to a free country. I ask, does our liberty bear generous fruits? Does it exalt us in manly spirit, in public virtue, above countries trodden under foot by despotism? Tell me not of the extent of our territory. I care not how large it is, if it multiply degenerate men. Speak not of our prosperity. Better be one of a poor people, plain in manners, revering God and respecting themselves, than belong to a rich country which knows no higher good than riches.—Earnestly do I desire for this country, that, instead of copying Europe with an undiscerning servility, it may have a character of its own, corresponding to the freedom and equality of our institutions. One Europe is enough. One Paris is enough. How much to be desired is it, that, separated as we are from the eastern continent by an ocean, we should be still more widely separated by simplicity of manners, by domestic purity, by inward piety, by reverence for human nature, by moral independence, by withstanding that subjection to fashion and that debilitating sensuality, which characterize the most civilized portions of the old world.

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### MANNERS OF STUDENTS.—*Mason.*

I HARDLY know how it has happened, that a "scholar," is become a common term for every thing unpolished and uncouth. Some men, indeed, by the greatness of their genius, and the immensity of their erudition, have attained a sort of privileged exemption from the common courtesies of society. But the misery is that the same exemption is claimed by those who have only rudeness, which they mistake for genius; and disregard of civility, which passes with them for erudition. Thus, if scholars are sometimes awkard and absent,

every awkard, inattentive creature calls himself a scholar. Just as, to use a comparison of the late Mr. Gouverneur Morris, "because statesmen have been called knaves, every knave should, of course, suppose himself a statesman." Certain, however, it is, that no young men have enjoyed the reputation of being ill-bred, unmannerly, and vulgar, more than Students of Colleges. How is this? Is there any thing in the retreats of the muses to cherish ferocity? Do men necessarily become brutes, when the world gives them credit for becoming philosophers? Does the acquisition of science, especially moral science, involve the destruction of decency? So that after a young man has left College laden with all its honours, he has again to be put to school, in practical life, before he can be fit for the company of gentlemen and ladies? I blush to think that the place, which of all others, is supposed to teach a young man manners, is *the army!* That the kindness, the courtesy, the chivalry of life, should be associated with the trade of blood! That the pistol and the dagger, should be the measure of morals and of politeness, with *gentlemen:* and that when they have trampled under their feet every law of God and man—and all that is dear to human happiness, and ought to be of high account in human society, is made the sport of momentary passion—they should still be allowed to pass for men of *breeding* and *honour!*—"There is something rotten in the state of Denmark!"

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POWER OF GOVERNMENT.—*Everett.*

THE greatest engine of moral power which human nature knows, is an organized, prosperous state. All that man, in his individual capacity, can do—all that he can effect by his fraternities—by his ingenious discoveries and wonders of art—or by his influence over others—is as nothing, compared with the collective, perpetuated influence on human affairs and human happiness of a well constituted, powerful commonwealth. It blesses generations with its sweet influence;—even the barren earth seems to pour out its fruits under a system where property is secure, while her fairest gardens are blighted by despotism;—men, thinking, reasoning men, abound beneath its benignant sway;—nature enters into a beautiful accord, a better, purer *asiento* with man, and guides an industrious citizen to every rood of her

smiling wastes;—and we see, at length, that what has been *called* a state of nature, has been most falsely, calumniously so denominated; that the nature of man is neither that of a savage, a hermit, nor a slave; but that of a member of a well ordered family, that of a good neighbour, a free citizen, a well informed, good man, acting with others like him. This is the lesson which is taught in the charter of our independence; this is the lesson which our example is to teach the world.

The epic poet of Rome—the faithful subject of an absolute prince—in unfolding the duties and destines of his countrymen, bids them look down with disdain on the polished and intellectual arts of Greece, and deem their arts to be—

> To rule the nations with imperial sway;
> To spare the tribes that yield; fight down the proud;
> And force the mood of peace upon the world.

A nobler counsel breathes from the charter of our independence; a happier province belongs to our free republic. Peace we would extend, but by persuasion and example,—the moral force, by which alone it can prevail among the nations. Wars we may encounter, but it is in the sacred character of the injured and the wronged; to raise the trampled rights of humanity from the dust; to rescue the mild form of Liberty from her abode among the prisons and the scaffolds of the elder world, and to seat her in the chair of state among her adoring children;—to give her beauty for ashes; a healthful action for her cruel agony; to put at last a period to her warfare on earth; to tear her star-spangled banner from the perilous ridges of battle, and plant it on the rock of ages. There be it fixed for ever,—the power of a free people slumbering in its folds, their peace reposing in its shade!

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### PUBLIC FAITH.—*Fisher Ames.*

[Extract from a speech, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, on the British Treaty, April 28, 1796.]

To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge—can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any

thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honour. Every good citizen makes that honour his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonoured in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

I see no exception to the respect, that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of government. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles

of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive, it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach, pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him—he would disown his country? You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power—blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonour. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

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### PROGRESS OF POESY; A PINDARIC ODE.—*Gray.*

#### I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And drooped his thirsty lance at thy command,
Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king,
With ruffled plume, and falling wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay:
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day;
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and the purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race, what ills await,
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves,
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around,
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
And coward vice, that revels in their chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was nature's* darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed:
To him the mighty mother did unveil

* Shakspeare.

Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he,* that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstacy:
The secrets of the abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time.
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear,
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark! his hands the Lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bore,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitters in the muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far! but far above the great.

* Milton.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY IMITATED.—*Jago.*

To print, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound.
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub:
For to what class a writer may be doomed,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff
Must give us pause.—There's the respect that makes
The unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all
The tedious importunity of friends,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare ink-horn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscovered country, with whose lays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown
Than run the hazard to be known, and damned.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

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SCENE FROM THE ENGLISH MERCHANT.

*Sir William Douglas and Spatter.*

*Spatter.* This must be a man of quality, by his ill manners. I'll speak to him.—Will your Lordship give me leave?

*Sir William.* Lordship! I am no lord, sir, and must beg not to be honoured with the name.

*Spat.* It is a kind of mistake, that cannot displease at least.

*Sir Will.* I don't know that. None but a fool would be vain of a title, if he had one; and none but an impostor would assume a title, to which he has no right.

*Spat.* Oh, you're of the house of commons, then; a member of parliament, and are come up to town to attend the sessions, I suppose, sir?

*Sir Will.* No matter what I am, sir.

*Spat.* Nay, no offence, I hope, sir. All I meant was to do you honour. Being concerned in two evening posts, and one morning paper, I was willing to know the proper manner of announcing your arrival.

*Sir Will.* You have connexions with the press, then, it seems, sir?

*Spat.* Yes, sir; I am an humble retainer to the Muses, an author. I compose pamphlets on all subjects, compile magazines, and do newspapers.

*Sir Will.* Do newspapers! What do you mean by that, sir?

*Spat.* That is, sir, I collect the articles of news from the other papers, and make new ones for the postscript; translate the mails, write occasional letters from Cato and Theatricus, and give fictitious answers to supposed correspondents.

*Sir Will.* A very ingenious, as well as honourable employment, I must confess, sir.

*Spat.* Some little genius is requisite, to be sure. Now, sir, if I can be of any use to you—if you have any friend to be praised, or any enemy to be abused; any author to cry up, or minister to run down; my pen and talents are entirely at your service.

*Sir Will.* I am much obliged to you, sir; but, at present, I have not the least occasion for either. In return for your genteel offers, give me leave to trouble you with one piece of advice. When you deal in private scandal, have a care of the cudgel; and when you meddle with public matters, beware of the pillory.

*Spat.* How, sir? are you no friend to literature? Are you an enemy to the liberty of the press?

*Sir Will.* I have the greatest respect for both; but railing is the disgrace of letters, and personal abuse the scandal of freedom; foul-mouthed critics are, in general, disappointed

authors; and they, who are the loudest against ministers, only mean to be paid for their silence.

*Spat.* That may be, sometimes, sir; but give me leave to ask you ——

*Sir Will.* Do not ask me at present, sir! I see a particular friend of mine coming this way, and I must beg you to withdraw!

*Spat.* Withdraw, sir! first of all, allow me to——

*Sir. Will.* Nay, no reply! we must be in private. [*Thrusting out Spatter.*] What a wretch! as contemptible as mischievous. Our generous mastiffs fly at men from an instinct of courage; but this fellow's attacks proceed from an instinct of baseness.

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ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.—*Sheridan.*

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts. No!—you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule:—we for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate:—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes:—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have enhanced and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders

this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

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### THE PERORATION OF MR. GOVERNEUR MORRIS'S SPEECH ON THE JUDICIARY ESTABLISHMENT.

Some, indeed, flatter themselves, that our destiny will be like that of Rome. Such, indeed, it might be, if we had the same wise, but vile aristocracy, under whose guidance they became the masters of the world. But we have not that strong aristocratic arm, which can seize a wretched citizen, scourged almost to death by a remorseless creditor, turn him into the ranks, and bid him, as a soldier, bear our eagle in triumph round the globe! I hope to God we shall never have such an abominable institution. But what, I ask, will be the situation of these states, (organized as they now are,) if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power; or else, after the misery and torment of a civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What but this compact, what but this specific part of it, can save us from ruin? The judicial power, that fortress of the constitution, is now to be overturned. Yes, with honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it, I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I intreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiating libation for the weal of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular

will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in a reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained: I stand in the presence of Almighty God, and of the world; and I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never! no, never will you get another! We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause—pause—for Heaven's sake, pause!

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### CONDUCT OF THE OPPOSITION.

[Mr. Henry Clay's Speech on the new Army Bill.]

If gentlemen would only reserve for their own government half the sensibility which is indulged for that of Great Britain, they would find much less to condemn. Restriction after restriction has been tried; negotiation has been resorted to, until further negotiation would have been disgraceful. Whilst these peaceful experiments are undergoing a trial, what is the conduct of the opposition? They are the champions of war; the proud, the spirited, the sole repository of the nation's honour, the men of exclusive vigour and energy. The administration on the contrary is weak, feeble, and pusillanimous,—"incapable of being kicked into a war." The maxim, "not a cent for tribute, millions for defence," is loudly proclaimed. Is the administration for negotiation? The opposition is tired, sick, disgusted with negotiation. They want to draw the sword and avenge the nation's wrongs. When, however, foreign nations, perhaps emboldened by the very opposition here made, refuse to listen to the amiable appeals, which have been repeated and reiterated by the administration to their justice and to their interests; when, in fact, war with one of them has become identified with our independence and our sovereignty, and to abstain from it was no longer possible; behold the opposition veering round and be-

coming the friends of peace and commerce. They tell you of the calamities of war, its tragical events, the squandering away of your resources, the waste of the public treasure, and the spilling of innocent blood. "Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire." They tell you that honour is an illusion! Now we see them exhibiting the terrific forms of the roaring king of the forest: now the meekness and humility of the lamb! They are for war and no restrictions, when the administration is for peace. They are for peace and restrictions, when the administration is for war. You find them, sir, tacking with every gale, displaying the colours of every party and of all nations, steady only in one unalterable purpose—to steer, if possible, into the haven of power.

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### ODE TO MEMORY.—*Mason.*

#### I.

Mother of wisdom! thou, whose sway
The thronged ideal host obey;
Who bid'st their ranks, now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye
Rove through the realms of grace, and harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill through every nerve.
Else vainly soft, loved Philomel! would flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade:
Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But swift to thee, alive, and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;
While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic Time,
Culled by the hand of the industrious muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

II.

Hail, Memory! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid:
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest, of Aonias quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand!
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy numerous train,
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There throned supreme in native state,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent showers descend.
Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.
See, visionary suns arise,
Through silver clouds, and azure skies;
See, sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams;
Thro' shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams:
While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet echo, rising from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feathered chorus o'er her head.

III.

Rise, hallowed Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, "when deprest by age, beset with wrongs;"
When "fallen on evil days and evil tongues;"
When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exiled the sovereign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save memory and the muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient truth;
Hence, all thy classic wanderings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
Each scene that Tyber's bank supplied;
Each grace, that played on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own: thy ample mind
Each charm received, retained, combined:

And thence "the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recalled the long-lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand perfection's gorgeous vest.

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GOOSEBERRY-PIE.—A PINDARIC ODE.—*Southey.*

GOOSEBERRY-PIE is best.
Full of the theme, O Muse, begin the song!
What though the sunbeams of the west
Mature within the Turtle's breast,
Blood, glutinous and fat, of verdant hue?
What though the Deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest?
Give them their honours due,—
But gooseberry-pie is best.

Behind his oxen slow
The patient Ploughman plods,
And as the Sower followed by the clods,
Earth's genial womb received the living seed.
The rains descend, the grains they grow;
Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green ripple to the April gale?
The golden waves with multitudinous motion
Swell o'er the summer vale?

It flows through alder banks along
Beneath the copse that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the Mill.
Pass on a little way, pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortured by the tyrant lord of meal
The brook is broken on the wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the sail

Ye winds, enamour'd, lingering lie!
Ye waves of ocean spare the bark,
Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
The vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceased thy blossom's little life of love.
O safer than Alcides-conquered tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove,—
No Dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable Porcupine!
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane! that I should dine!

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit!
And they were well bestowed.
O Jane, with truth I praise your Pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric Ode?

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### SCENE FROM THE CHOLERIC MAN.

*Nightshade* and *Manlove.*

*Night.*—Cumberload, I tell you, fellow, there's your fare. I'll not give you a farthing over. A hard shilling, indeed!—a hard coach, if you please!—Brother Manlove, your servant! This town grows worse and worse; no conscience, no police—if I was not the most patient man alive, such things would turn my brain. Brother Manlove, I say, your servant!

*Man.*—Brother Andrew, you are welcome. You seemed a little ruffled, so that I waited for its subsiding, and now, give me your hand: I am glad to see you in town, provided the occasion be agreeable.

*Night.*—I think the law has a proviso for every thing: your compliment sets off, like the preamble of a statute, and your conclusion limps after, like the clause at the tail of it. So you keep your old apartments, and as slovenly as ever—Lincoln's-Inn and the law—so runs your life. A turn upon the Terrace after breakfast, a mutton chop for dinner at the Rolls, and the evening paper at the Mount, wind up your day.

*Man.*—A narrow scale, I own; but whether it be, that I was made too small for happiness, I never could entertain both guests together; so I took the humblest of the two, and left the other for my betters.

*Night.*—Ay 'tis too late to alter; 'twould be a vain endeavour to correct your temper at these years.—By the way, brother, your stair-case is the dirtiest I ever set my foot upon.

*Man.*—So long as we have clean dealings within, our clients will make no complaint. Yours, I warrant, was neater at Rotterdam?

*Night.*—Neater! 'tis a matter of astonishment to me, how you that have a plentiful estate, can make yourself a slave to business, and drudge away your life in such a hole as this!

*Man.*—True, Andrew, 'twas unreasonable; but, as I have now made over the best part of my estate to your son, so I think I have answered the best part of your objections.

*Night.*—You shall excuse me—all the world cries out upon your folly; you are apt to be a little hasty, else I should be free to tell you, you have made yourself ridiculous; and what is worse, brother Charles, I speak to you as a father, you have undone my son.

*Man.*—How so? have I confined him in his education?

*Night.*—No, faith; the scale on which you have finished him is wide enough to take in vice and folly at full size; his principles wont cramp their growth. At school he was grounded in impudence, the university confirmed him in ignorance, and the grand tour stocked him with infidelity and bad pictures—such has been his education.

*Man.*—But you, in your wisdom, pursued a different course with your younger son.

*Night.*—I bred him as a rational creature should be bred, under the rod of discipline, under the lash of my own arm; I gave him a sober, frugal, godly training; and mark the difference between them.—Your fellow lives here in this

great city, in a round of pleasures, in the front of the fashion squandering and revelling:—Mine abides patiently in the country, toiling and travailing, early at his duty, sparing at his meals, patient of fatigue; he hears no music as Charles does, purchases no fine pictures, lolls in no fine chariot, befools himself with no fine women: no, thank my stars, I've rescued one of my boys; Jack, at least, walks in the steps of his father.

*Man.*—I hope he will; better principles I cannot wish him: but, methinks, Andrew, a little more knowledge of the world—

*Night.*—Knowledge of the world, brother Charles! who knows so much? Belike you never heard, then, I had made three trips to Shetland in a herring-buss, before you was born! have been three times chartered to Statia for Muscovadoes; twice to Zante for currants; and made one voyage to Bencoolen for pepper?

*Man.*—Yes; and that pepper-voyage runs in your blood still.

*Night.*—So much the better; it will preserve my wits; it will season my understanding from such fly-blown folly as yours. Zooks! you to talk of knowledge of the world! where should you come by it? upon Clapham-Common? upon Banstead-Downs? Did you ever see the peak of Tenneriffe, the rock of Gibraltar, or even the bishop and his clerks? I know them all, your charts, and your coasting-pilots; I have been two nights and a day upon a sand-bank in the Grecian Islands; and do you talk to me of knowledge of the world?

*Man.*—Let us change the subject then—you have not told me what brings you out of the country?

*Night.*—Because there's no abiding in it; what with refractory tenants, poaching parsons, enclosing squires, navigation schemes, and turnpike meetings, there's no keeping peace about me; no, though I've commenced fourteen suits at law, besides by-battles at quarter-sessions, courts leet, and courts baron, innumerable.

*Man.*—Indeed!

*Night.*—No sooner do I put my head out of doors, but instantly some fellow meets me with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, or a fishing-rod in his hand, or a grey-hound at his horses's heels, and all to disturb and destroy my property.

*Man.*—I say property! let your game look after themselves. Do you call a creature property, that lights upon my lands to-day, upon yours to-morrow, and the next perhaps

in Norway? I reprobate all quarrels about guns and dogs, and game; for my part, I am pleased to see an Englishman with arms, whether he bears them for his own amusement, or for my defence.

*Night.*—'Tis mighty well! I am a fool to waste my time with you; I shall look after my own game, in my own way; you may watch yours, the sparrows here, in the garden, or the old duck in the fountain in the square; your conscience goes no farther; so your servant.

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### INSECURITY OF THE WORLD.—*Chalmers.*

The universe at large would suffer as little, in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know, by the microscope, it teems with, is extinguished; and, an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We can not anticipate with pre-

cision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system: or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect which I shall simply announce, without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents. These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death, over the dominions of the world.

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### THE COURT OF PROSERPINE.—*Lucy Aiken.*

*Proserpine.—Mercury.—Momus.*

*Proserpine.*—Be silent, Momus; I am, and shall be to all eternity, in the spleen. Your jokes and stories have lost all their zest with me, and I can laugh at them no longer; I a queen, a goddess—what a doom—what society! The most gloomy of all the deities for king and spouse. The fates for ladies of the bed-chamber, the furies for maids of honour, half a dozen grim old heroes for lords in waiting, and Cerbera for a lap-dog. And this I am to call a court! Ah, vale of Enna! Ah Olympus!

*Momus.*—Add, however, the all-accomplished Mercury for lord Chamberlain, and Momus, the witty Momus, for court fool.

*Proserpine.*—True, the only cheerers of my joyless immortality. But O! think of the delightful converse of my sister Goddesses; think of the smiling graces, the sprightly nymphs, and the muses above all—the heavenly muses—to whose strains I was wont to listen with never tired attention; then say if I have not cause to mourn without ceasing, thus banished from my whole beloved sex.

*Momus.*—Your beloved sex indeed! How marvellously does absence endear! We hear nothing now of the poutings and snubbings of stepdame Juno; the prosings of that spiteful prude

Minerva; the conceited airs of the pretty mistress venus, and her three mincing handmaids; the scandalous flirtations of hoyden nymphs, and the endless recitation of the nine petticoated pedants: these things are all forgotten. But come, if you have such longing after female society, bid Mercury pick out a dozen or two of lady ghosts, those mortal goddesses, muses, nymphs, and graces, as they were called by their mortal flatterers, who did not know who they were talking about. But indeed some of them are pretty company enough; at least Mercury and I may contrive to make some sport out of them and their adventures.

*Mercury.*—Yes, I certainly know a few whose company is better than none; there is——

*Proserpine.*—Ah I know the heroines: I used to see them now and then, but I grew tired of that many ages ago. There was Medea, and Hecuba, and Andromache, and Dido, all so tragical, and stalking; and then the partan dames, and Roman matrons with their gravity and rusticity.

*Mercury.*—Those were the females of the old world, when it was held as a maxim, that she was the best woman who had been the least talked of; but as the mortals say, "nous avons change tout cela." Since what is called the revival of letters in Europe, a new career has been opened to the ladies; they read, they write, they are poets, critics, novelists, historians, politicians; some of them even mathematicians, and philosophers, like the other sex; above all, they are capital letter writers; they seek the society of all celebrated men, and mightily affect the patronage of the learned; and some of them are really very pleasant talkers.

*Proserpine.*—You raise my curiosity; look back among the ghosts of the last century or two, and bring me not a mob, but a few for a sample. You will give me some hints of their characters, and I will observe their looks in silence.

*Momus.*—Yes, yes; Mercury will introduce each of them with a rhetorical flourish in *his* manner, and I will add a few strokes in mine.

*Mercury.*—I fly, my goddess, to fulfil your wishes.—[Exit, and returns at the head of a troop of ladies, whom he conducts in succession to the foot of Proserpine's throne.]

*Mercury.*—Great Queen of the shades, I here present to you Madame de Maintenon, wife, though not queen, of Louis XIV. of France, who ruled without seeming to rule; for in her apartment he transacted all his state affairs; and she, seated at her work-table, quietly swayed, by a hint, or a nod,

the destinies of Europe. She was the friend of letters, the patroness of Racine, and——

*Momus.*—The adviser of the devout follies and cruelties which signalized the last years of that *glorious* reign: confess it. Widow Scarron, to amuse a man no longer amuseable, proved a heavy task. You paid for the ambition of marrying a king; and after so many years of prudery and successful artifice, found cause enough to regret the days of that merry old husband of yours, who collected around him the choice spirits of Paris, and laughed out his time in spite of pain and poverty.

*Madame de Maintenon.*—History will speak of me, and the holy church will bless my memory.

*Mercury.*—Here is another royal lady.

*Momus.*—Gentleman, gentleman, good Hermes! you mistake, look at the boots and the——

*Mercury.*—The costume, I grant, is somewhat equivocal; but Christina, queen in her own right of the brave Swedes, and daughter of their hero Gustavus Adolphus, may perhaps be allowed somewhat more than the usual portion of *man* in her composition. This is the lady who deemed it more honour to lay down her sceptre, and pass her life as a private person, devoted to letters and philosophy, than to rule on the throne of her ancestors.

*Momus.*—And who afterwards repented of that freak of resignation.

*Mercury.*—This is the lady who, while yet a queen, and in the bloom of youth, summoned around her the literati of foreign nations——

*Momus.*—And made them play with her at battledore and shuttlecock.

*Mercury.*—Who afterwards travelled to Rome——

*Momus.*—Where she turned Papist, and quarrelled with the Pope.

*Mercury.*—Visited Paris——

*Momus.*—Where she found no female worthy of her notice, but the notorious Ninon, and committed a murder upon her master of horse.

*Christina.*—He was a traitor, on whom I executed justice.

*Momus.*—Having created yourself judge in your cause. But Radamanthus has talked with you on this head; so I say no more; yet one should like to know what were the secrets he betrayed: tender ones perhaps?

*Mercury.*—Momus, you grow abusive. See! the royal

Swede retires indignant.—This fair stranger is named Lucretia Gonzaga, known throughout Italy, and even in foreign lands, by her talents and accomplishments, and especially famed for the indefatigable zeal with which she laboured for the liberation of her husband, long detained in unjust captivity, and for the pathetic and eloquent epistles, in his behalf, to many princes and great personages.

*Momus.*—Which epistles we now know to have been composed for her by a man of letters.

*Lucretia.*—Indeed some of the letters, printed as mine, were genuine.

*Momus.*—Perhaps so; one indeed I have no doubt of, the most energetic of the whole. It is that, where, writing to your house-keeper, respecting a certain little waiting-maid, "if she again offends, say you, whip her till she is black and blue, and the blood runs down to her heels:" but in *lingua Tuscana* all sounds soft and musical.

*Mercury.*—Here is at least a lady, the undoubted author of the works on which her fame is built. Mademoiselle Dacier, the first of female scholars, the diligent and learned editor of many Greek and Latin classics; the stanch defender of all belonging to antiquity, not even excepting the reputation of my old acquaintance, Sappho of Lesbos, the despiser and depreciator of all modern learning and genius.

*Momus.*—Ah, Madame, I kiss your ghostly hands: you were worthy to have lived among our Greek and Roman worshippers; but in these evil days of general apostacy, an advocate is doubly welcome. I wish indeed that you had deigned to sacrifice a few grains of incense to the graces; but I give you infinite credit for that celebrated experiment, in the preparation of the genuine Spartan black broth, by which you made yourself, and all your guests, so heartily and classically sick.

*Mercury.*—This is the charming Madame de Sevigne, once the life and soul of the French court, whose delightful letters will be read as long as the French tongue is spoken, and serve as a perpetual monument of her graceful wit, her happy talent of narration, and the exquisite tenderness of her maternal feelings.

*Momus.*—I detect not a little fiction in some of those amusing stories, and no small spice of affectation in those incessant solicitudes for your daughter, and her precious beauty, twisted into such a variety of prettily turned sentences.

*Madame de Sevigne.*—Ah, and for what was the gift of

imagination bestowed upon us, but to embellish the dull incidents of every day, and to mingle with our genuine sentiments the charm of fiction?

*Mercury.*—I hope, Momus, you are answered.—Behold a lady not more distinguished by her rank than her misfortunes; and memorable above all for the light and buoyant spirit with which she sustained them? Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and daughter of King James of England. She enjoyed at once the homage of wits, the correspondence of statesmen, and the prayers and benedictions of grave divines. Even in poverty, and exile, she attracted around her a little court of men of merit, and one chivalrous admirer devoted himself, till the day of her death, to, shall I say, an unrequited service.

*Momus.*—Ay, come, let us understand that matter. Did your majesty steal a marriage in a corner with that Paladin of yours—that errant knight Lord Craven? or did you pay him, after the fashion of royal gratitude, with the base acceptance of his fortune, and the services of his whole life?

*Queen of Bohemia.*—Find that out as you can.

*Momus.*—What decked-out shepherdess of romance have we here? Oh, I perceive that precious compound of all the affectations of her age, and twenty more of her own invention besides!

*Mercury.*—I beg leave to announce the most noble Margaret, Dutchess of Newcástle, the celebrated authoress of a panegyrical life of her husband, inscribed to himself, and of letters, plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses, filling thirteen volumes folio.

*Momus.*—Which no mortal ever read.

*Mercury.*—Which were elaborately celebrated at the famous universities of Cambridge, and Oxford, as the strains of a tenth muse.

*Momus.*—Yes, by glossing pedants, who might have been ashamed of themselves. I think your grace had a troop of ministering damsels to assist in the transcription of so many mighty volumes?

*Dutchess of Newcastle.*—I had.

*Momus.*—And you were accustomed to rouse up the poor girls at dead of night, to seize and commit to paper the bright thoughts which came into your head between sleeping and waking, lest any fragments so precious should be lost. And what was your exquisite reason against revising your productions?

*Dutchess.*—I was unwilling to interrupt the flow of my following conceptions. Late posterity will yet confirm the praises and predictions of my learned contemporaries.

*Momus.*—At least, Madam, I give you joy of that soothing conviction.

*Mercury.*—I here present Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the English Sevigne, her equal in wit, grace, and style, and if her inferior in sentiment, how much her superior in reason and philosophy. Born in the highest rank of nobility, a beauty and a wit, she devoted her youth to letters, her maturity to travel and observation.

*Momus.*—To play and scandal.

*Mercury.*—Her age, to philosophical retirement.

*Momus.*—To involuntary exile in penance for past follies, and if Pope is to be believed——

*Lady M. W. Montague.*—Pope is not to be believed. Venomous insect! Spiteful—

*Momus.*—Gently, my good lady, gently; you were two great wits, and two of a trade as we all know—but I hoped that by this time you had made it up again, and that this nether world might soon have been favoured with a joint performance entitled, Elysian Eclogues! I beg you will turn it in your mind.—She frowns and will not speak.

*Mercury.*—Indeed, Momus, your treatment of the fair sex is intolerable. Silence him, Proserpine, or I call up no more shades.

*Proserpine.*—No quarrels, deities. I thank you both; you have shown off the lady ghosts to some advantage; and another time we may talk further with them.

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### POWER TO BE VALUED ONLY AS IT CONFERS BENEFITS ON MANKIND.—*Brougham.*

[*British House of Commons.*]

WHETHER I have the support of the ministers or not, to the house I look, with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me. If I go too far, checking my progress; if too fast, abating my speed; but heartily and honestly helping me in the best and the greatest work which the hands of the lawgiver can undertake. The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds

of higher fame and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—the conqueror of Italy—the humbler of Germany—the terror of the North—account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of fortune, while, despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast—'I shall go down to posterity with the code in my hand.' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace. Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The glories of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the reign. The praise, which fawning courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and good, to that monarch under whose sway so mighty a work shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are most chiefly to be envied, for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling thus. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the lustre in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap—found it a sealed book, left it a living letter—found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence. To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honour to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be an irksome incumbrance, the emoluments superfluous to one who had rather, with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens, make his own hands minister to his own wants; and as for the power supposed to follow it, I have lived half a century, and I have seen that power and place may be severed. But one power I do prize, that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power I know full well no government can give—no change can take away.

SPEECH OF RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—*Miss Mitford.*

*Rienzi.* Friends,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell—a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbour, there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonour? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope—
Of sweet and quiet joy—"there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple." How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! "He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips." In one short hour
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and when I cried
For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonoured, and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is Rome,

That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes. Ere to-morrow's dawn,
The tyrants——.

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SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF RIENZI.—*Miss Mitford.*

*Rienzi, Angelo Colonna, and People.*

Time, Night—the Capitol.

*Angelo.* What be ye,
That thus in stern and watchful mystery
Cluster beneath the veil of night, and start
To hear a stranger's foot?
*Rienzi.* Romans.
*Ang.* And wherefore
Meet ye, my countrymen?
*Rie.* For freedom.
*Ang.* Surely,
Thou art Cola di Rienzi?
*Rie.* Ay, the voice—
The traitor voice.
*Ang.* I knew thee by the words.
Who, save thyself, in this bad age, when man
Lies prostrate like yon temple, dared conjoin
The sounds of Rome and freedom?
*Rie.* I shall teach
The world to blend those words, as in the days
Before the Cæsars. Thou shalt be the first
To hail the union. I have seen thee hang
On tales of the world's mistress, till thine eyes,
Flooded with strong emotion, have let fall
Big tear drops on thy cheeks, and thy young hand
Hath clenched thy maiden sword. Unsheath it now—
Now, at thy country's call! What, dost thou pause?
Is the flame quenched? Dost falter? Hence with thee,
Pass on! pass whilst thou may!
*Ang.* Hear me, Rienzi.

Even now my spirit leaps up at the thought
Of those brave storied days—a treasury
Of matchless visions, bright and glorified,
Paling the dim lights of this darkling world
With the golden blaze of heaven, but past and gone,
As clouds of yesterday, as last night's dream.

*Rie.* A dream! Dost see yon phalanx, still and stern?
A hundred leaders, each with such a band,
So armed, so resolute, so fixed in will,
Wait with suppressed impatience till they hear
The great bell of the Capitol, to spring
At once on their proud foes. Join them.

*Ang.* My father!

*Rie.* Already he hath quitted Rome.

*Ang.* My kinsmen!

*Rie.* We are too strong for contest. Thou shalt see
No other change within our peaceful streets
Than that of slaves to freemen. Such a change
As is the silent step from night to day,
From darkness into light. We talk too long.

*Ang.* Yet reason with them—warn them.

*Rie.* And their answer—
Will be the gaol, the gibbet, or the axe,
The keen retort of power. Why, I have reasoned;
And, but that I am held, amongst your great ones,
Half madman and half fool, these bones of mine
Had whitened on yon wall. Warn them! They met
At every step dark warnings. The pure air,
Where'er they passed, was heavy with the weight
Of sullen silence; friend met friend, nor smiled,
Till the last footfall of the tyrant's steed
Had died upon the ear; and low and hoarse
Hatred came murmuring like the deep voice
Of the wind before the tempest. Sir, the boys—
The unfledged boys, march at their mother's hist,
Beside their grandsires; even the girls of Rome—
The gentle and the delicate, array
Their lovers in this cause. I have one yonder,
Claudia Rienzi—thou hast seen the maid—
A silly trembler, a slight fragile toy,
As ever nursed a dove, or reared a flower—
Yet she, even she, is pledged—

*Ang.* To whom? to whom?

*Rie.* To liberty. Was never virgin vowed

In the fair temple over right our house
To serve the goddess, Vesta, as my child
Is dedicate to freedom. A king's son
Might kneel in vain for Claudia. None shall wed her,
Save a true champion of the cause.
*Ang.* I'll join ye;
How shall I swear?
*Rie.* [*To the People.*] Friends, comrades, countrymen!
I bring unhoped-for aid. Young Angelo,
The immediate heir of the Colonna, craves
To join your band.
*Ang.* Hear me swear
By Rome—by freedom—by Rienzi! Comrades,
How have ye titled your deliverer? consul—
Dictator, emperor?
*Rie.* No—
Those names have been so often steeped in blood,
So shamed by folly, so profaned by sin,
The sound seems ominous—I'll none of them.
Call me the tribune of the people; there
My honouring duty lies.
Hark—the bell, the bell!
The knell of tyranny—the mighty voice,
That, to the city and the plain—to earth,
And listening heaven, proclaims the glorious tale
Of Rome re-born, and freedom. See, the clouds
Are swept away, and the moon's boat of light
Sails in the clear blue sky, and million stars
Look out on us, and smile.
Hark! that great voice
Hath broke our bondage. Look, without a stroke
The Capitol is won—the gates unfold—
The keys are at our feet. Alberti, friend,
How shall I pay thy service? Citizens!
First to possess the palace citadel—
The famous strength of Rome; then to sweep on,
Triumphant, through her streets.
Oh, glorious wreck
Of gods and Cæsars! thou shalt reign again,
Queen of the world; and I—come on, come on,
My people!

### EXTRACTS FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

*Delivered March, 4th, 1801.*

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and exertions, has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will of course arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind: let us restore to social intercourse, that harmony and affection without which, liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this gov-

ernment, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not: I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one, where every man, at the call of law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said, that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or, have we found angels in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

LET us then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high minded to endure the degradations of the others, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honour and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them, enlightened by a benign religion, professed indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens; a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently, those which

ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political: peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none: the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies: the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad: a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided: absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism: a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them: the supremacy of the civil over the military authority: economy in the public expense, that labour may be lightly burdened: the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith: encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-maid: the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason: freedom of religion; freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus:* and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation, which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment: they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to trace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety.

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JUST AS YOU PLEASE, OR THE INCURIOUS.—*King.*

A Virtuoso had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,

But in a careless way to all agree.
He had a servant, much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind;
"Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
Out such a man, with such a character,
As in this paper now I give you here;
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate;
For I will break your back, and set you straight.
Bring him to dinner."—Humpus soon withdrew,—
Was safe, as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound—
Who, solitary, gaping without care,
Seemed to say, "Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, "Sir, my master bade me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day."
He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still;
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The master thus accosts him, "Sir, you 're wet,
Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do spoil it, need I care?
I see he has eleven more to spare."
Dinner 's brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
"This is not very usual," thinks the clown:
"But is not all the family his own?
And why should I, for contradiction sake,
Lose a good dinner which he bids me take?
If from his table she discarded be,
What need I care? there 's then the more for me."
After a while, the daughter 's bid to stand,
And bring whatsoever he'll command.
Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"
Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
And starve himself, to see the booby dine.
He does. The father asks, "What have you there?
How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"

"Sir, 'twas champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed!
Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
Don't spare him for his tears or age: I'll try
If cat-o'-nine-tails can excuse a lie."
Thinks the clown, "That 'twas wine I do believe;
But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
And how know I but 't may be for his good."
When the dessert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
Could not be railed at, nor revenged enough.
Humpus was asked who made them. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave them me."
"No more such poison shall she ever give,
I'll burn the witch; t'ent fitting she should live:
Set faggots in the court. I'll make her fry;
And pray, good sir, may't please you to be by?"
Then smiling, says the clown, "Upon my life,
A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife!"
"And since I find 'tis really your design,
Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

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THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

My battle vow!—no minster walls
Gave back the burning word,
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone
Of smothered vengeance heard:
But the ashes of a ruined home
Thrilled, as it sternly rose,
With the mingling voice of blood, that shook
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
But where my children lay;
And the startled vulture, at my step,
Soared from their precious clay.
I stood amidst my dead alone—
I kissed their lips—I poured,
In the strong silence of that hour,
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering floor,
The blackened threshold-stone,
The bright hair torn, and soiled with blood,
Whose fountain was my own;
These, and the everlasting hills,
Bore witness that wild night;
Before them rose th' avenger's soul,
In crushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,
With keen looks would upbraid,
If from my heart the fiery vow,
Seared on it then, could fade.
They have no cause!—Go, ask the streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstained were born—
How hath my faith been kept?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close,
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
They leave me no repose.
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the rocks,
And by the torrent's foam,
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,
Full, full of love and home!

Alas! the mountain eagle's heart,
When wronged, may yet find rest;
Scorning the place made desolate,
He seeks another nest.
But I—your soft looks wake the thirst
That wins no quenching rain;
Ye drive me back, my beautiful!
To the stormy fight again!

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TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.—*Darwin.*

And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.—

From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering bone,
And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health,
With soft assuasive eloquence expands,
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Or guides awakened mercy through the gloom,
And shows the prison, sister to the tomb!—
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life!——
The spirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
When first arrayed in virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze,
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And asked what seraph foot the earth imprest.
Onward he moves!—Disease and death retire,
And murmuring demons hate him, and admire.

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### EXTRACT FROM MR. CALHOUN'S SPEECH ON INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

*House of Representatives, Jan.* 1819.

But on this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it, than overcoming the effects of distance? No country, enjoying freedom, ever occupied any thing like as great an extent of country as this republic. One hundred years ago, the most profound philosophers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible, that a pure re-

public could exist on as great a scale, even as the island of Great Britain. What then was considered as chimerical, we have now the felicity to enjoy; and what is most remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so well are the state and general powers blended, that much of our political happiness draws its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity. Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be for ever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities, next to the loss of liberty, and even to that in its consequences, disunion. We are great, and rapidly, I was about to say fearfully, growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be intrusted with the liberties of this people, who does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligation to counteract every tendency to disunion. The strongest of all cements is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this House; yet the greatest subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration. Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the centre of the republic, weakens the union. The more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse; the more strongly we are bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies. Those who understand the human heart best, know how powerfully distance tends to break the sympathies of our nature. Nothing, not even dissimilarity of language, tends more to estrange man from man. Let us then bind the republic together, with a perfect system of roads and canals. Let us conquer space. It is thus the most distant part of the republic will be brought within a few day's travel of the centre; it is thus, that a citizen of the west will read the news of Boston, still moist from the press.

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### EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, ON THE EXPEDIENCY OF ADOPTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTON.

*Delivered in the Convention of New York, June 27, 1788.*

Mr. Chairman, it has been advanced as a principle, that no government but a despotism, can exist in a very extensive

country. This is a melancholy consideration indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a republican government, even for the state of New York. This idea has been taken from a celebrated writer, who, by being misunderstood, has been the occasion of frequent fallacies in our reasoning on political subjects. But the position has been misapprehended; and its application is entirely false and unwarrantable: it relates only to democracies where the body of the people meet to transact business: and where representation is unknown. Such were a number of ancient, and some modern independent cities. Men who read without attention, have taken these maxims respecting the extent of country; and contrary to their proper meaning, have applied them to republics in general. This application is wrong in respect to all representative governments; but especially in relation to a confederacy of states, in which the supreme legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the people are regulated by the laws of the several states. This distinction being kept in view, all the difficulty will vanish, and we may easily conceive, that the people of a large country may be represented, as truly as those of a small one. An assembly constituted for general purposes, may be fully competent to every federal constitution, without being too numerous for deliberate conduct. If the state governments were to be abolished, the question would wear a different face: but this idea is inadmissible. They are absolutely necessary to the system. Their existence must form a leading principle in the most perfect constitution we could form. I insist, that it never can be the interest or desire of the national legislature, to destroy the state governments. It can derive no advantage from such an event; but, on the contrary, would lose an indispensable support, a necessary aid in executing the laws, and conveying the influence of government to the doors of the people. The union is dependent on the will of the state governments for its chief magistrate, and for its senate. The blow aimed at the members, must give a fatal wound to the head; and the destruction of the states must be at once a political suicide. Can the national government be guilty of this madness? What inducements, what temptations can they have? Will they attach new honours to their station; will they increase the national strength; will they multiply the national resources; will they make themselves more respectable in the view of foreign nations, or of their fellow-citizens, by

robbing the states of their constitutional privileges? But imagine, for a moment, that a political frenzy should seize the government; suppose they should make the attempt—certainly, sir, it would be for ever impracticable.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

THIS has been sufficiently demonstrated by reason and experience. It has been proved, that the members of republics have been, and ever will be stronger than the head. Let us attend to one general historical example. In the ancient feudal governments of Europe, there were, in the first place, a monarch: subordinate to him, a body of nobles: and subject to these, the vassals or the whole body of the people. The authority of the kings was limited, and that of the barons considerably independent. A great part of the early wars of Europe, were contests between the king and his nobility. In these contests, the latter possessed many advantages derived from their influence, and the immediate command they had over the people; and they generally prevailed. The histories of the feudal wars, exhibit little more than a series of successful encroachments on the prerogatives of monarchy. Here, sir, is one great proof of the superiority which the members in limited governments possess over their head. As long as the barons enjoyed the confidence and attachment of the people, they had the strength of the country on their side, and were irresistible. I may be told in some instances the barons were overcome: but how did this happen? Sir, they took advantage of the depression of the royal authority, and the establishment of their own power, to oppress and tyrannize over their vassals. As commerce enlarged, and wealth and civilization increased, the people began to feel their own weight and consequence: they grew tired of their oppressions; united their strength with that of their prince, and threw off the yoke of aristocracy. These very instances prove what I contend for. They prove that in whatever direction the popular weight leans, the current of power will flow: whatever the popular attachments be, there will rest the political superiority. Sir, can it be supposed that the state governments will become the oppressors of the people? Will they forfeit their affections? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens, for

the sole purpose of involving themselves in ruin? God forbid! The idea, sir, is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity, and every dictate of common sense!

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### ODE TO REMORSE.—*Barbauld.*

Dread offspring of the holy light within,
Offspring of conscience and of sin,
Stern as thine awful sire, and fraught with woe
From bitter springs thy mother taught to flow,—
Remorse! To man alone 'tis given
Of all on earth, or all in heaven,
To wretched man thy bitter cup to drain,
Feel thy awakening stings, and taste thy wholesome pain.

Midst Eden's blissful bowers,
And amaranthine flowers,
Thy birth portentous dimmed the orient day,
What time our hapless sire,
O'ercome by fond desire,
The high command presumed to disobey;
Then didst thou rear thy snaky crest,
And raise thy scorpion lash to tear the guilty breast;
And never, since that fatal hour,
May man, of woman born, expect to escape thy power.

Thy goading stings the branded Cain
'Cross the untrodden desert drove,
Ere from his cradling home and native plain
Domestic man had learnt to rove.
By gloomy shade or lonely flood
Of vast primeval solitude,
Thy step his hurried steps pursued:
Thy voice awoke his conscious fears,
For ever sounding in his ears,
A father's curse, a brother's blood;
Till life was misery too great to bear,
And torturing thought was lost in sullen, dumb despair.

The king who sat on Judah's throne,
By guilty love to murder wrought,
Was taught thy searching power to own,
When, sent of heaven, the seer his royal presence sought.

As, wrapt in artful phrase, with sorrow feigned,
He told of helpless, meek distress,
And wrongs that sought from power redress,
The pity-moving tale his ear obtained,
And bade his better feelings wake:
Then, sudden as the trodden snake
On the scared traveller darts his fangs,
The prophet's bold rebuke aroused thy keenest pangs.

And O, that look, that soft upbraiding look!
A thousand cutting, tender things it spoke:
The sword so lately drawn was not so keen,—
Which, as the injured Master turned him round,
In the strange solemn scene,
And the shrill clarion gave the appointed sound,
Pierced sudden through the veins,
Awakening all thy pains,
And drew a silent shower of bitter tears
Down Peter's blushing cheek, late pale with coward fears.

Cruel Remorse! where Youth and Pleasure sport,
And thoughtless folly keeps her court,—
Crouching midst rosy bowers thou lurk'st unseen;
Slumbering the festal hours away,
While Youth disports in that enchanting scene;
Till on some fated day
Thou with a tiger-spring dost leap upon thy prey,
And tear his helpless breast, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay.

Mark that poor wretch with clasped hands!
Pale o'er his parent's grave he stands,—
The grave by his ingratitude prepared;
Ah then, where'er he rests his head,
On roses pillowed, or the softest down,
Though festal wreaths his temples crown,
He well might envy Guatimozin's bed,
With burning coals and sulphur spread,
And with less agony his torturing hour have shared.

For Thou art by to point the keen reproach;
Thou draw'st the curtains of his nightly couch,
Bring'st back the reverend face with tears bedewed,
That o'er his follies yearned;
The warnings oft in vain renewed,

The looks of anguish and of love,
His stubborn breast that failed to move,
When in the scorner's chair he sat, and wholesome counsel spurned.

Lives there a man whose labouring breast
Is with some dark and guilty secret prest,
Who hides within its inmost fold
Strange crimes to mortal ear untold?
In vain to sad Chartreuse he flies,
Midst savage rocks and cloisters dim and drear,
And there to shun thee tries:
In vain untold his crime to mortal ear,
Silence and whispered sounds but make thy voice more clear.

Lo, where the cowled monk with frantic rage
Lifts high the sounding scourge, his bleeding shoulders smites!
Penance and fasts his anxious thoughts engage,
Weary his days and joyless are his nights,
His naked feet the flinty pavement tears,
His knee at every shrine the marble wears;—
Why does he lift the cruel scourge?
The restless pilgrimage why urge?
'Tis all to quell thy fiercer rage,
'Tis all to soothe thy deep despair,
He courts the body's pangs, for thine he cannot bear.

See, o'er the bleeding corse of her he loved,
The jealous murderer bends unmoved!
Trembling with rage, his livid lips express
His frantic passion's wild and rash excess.
O God, she's innocent!—transfixt he stands,
Pierced thro' with shafts from thine avenging hands;
Down his pale cheek no tear will flow,
Nor can he shun, nor can he bear, his woe.

'Twas phantoms, summoned by thy power
Round Richard's couch, at midnight hour,
That scared the tyrant from unblest repose;
With frantic haste, "To horse! to horse!" he cries,
While on his crowned brow cold sweat-drops rise,
And fancied spears his spear oppose;
But not the swiftest steed can bear away
From thy firm grasp thine agonizing prey.

Thou wast the fiend, and thou alone,
That stood'st by Beaufort's mitred head,
With upright hair and visage ghastly pale:
Thy terrors shook his dying bed,
Past crimes and blood his sinking heart assail,
His hands are clasped,—hark to that hollow groan!
See how his glazed, dim eye-balls wildly roll,
'Tis not dissolving Nature's pains; that pang is of the soul.

Where guilty souls are doomed to dwell,
'Tis thou that mak'st their fiercest hell,
The vulture thou that on their liver feeds,
As rise to view their past unhallowed deeds;
With thee condemned to stay,
Till time has rolled away
Long æras of uncounted years,
And every stain is washed in soft repentant tears.

Servant of God—but unbeloved—proceed,
For thou must live and ply thy scorpion scourge;
Thy sharp upbraidings urge
Against the unrighteous deed,
Till thine accursed mother shall expire,
And a new world spring forth from renovating fire.

O! when the glare of day is fled,
And calm, beneath the evening star,
Reflection leans her pensive head,
And calls the passions to her solemn bar;
Reviews the censure rash, the hasty word,
The purposed act too long deferred,
Of time the wasted treasures lent,
And fair occasions lost and golden hours misspent:

When anxious Memory numbers o'er
Each offered prize we failed to seize;
Or friends laid low, whom now no more
Our fondest love can serve or please,
And thou, dread power! bring'st back in terrors drest,
The irrevocable past, to sting the careless breast;—

O! in that hour be mine to know,
While fast the silent sorrows flow,
And wisdom cherishes the wholesome pain,
No heavier guilt, no deeper stain,
Than tears of meek contrition may atone,
Shed at the mercy-seat of Heaven's eternal throne.

## PUBLIC OPINION MORE IRRESISTIBLE THAN MILITARY POWER.

*Extract from Mr. Webster's speech on the Greek Question, House of Representatives, Jan.* 19, 1823.

Sir,—The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has come a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent, and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> "Vital in every part,
> Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlight-

ened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinions of mankind.

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### THE DEAD BEAUTY.—*Morris.*

Come to the house of death, ye young and proud,
The place where sorrow o'er the tomb bends weeping;
And as ye raise with trembling hand the shroud
From her who here in death's cold arms lies sleeping,
Oh turn each thought one moment from the crowd,
And gaze where soon the earth worm shall be creeping.

See that closed eye on which the long lash droops
As if 'twere conscious life had thence departed,
And her who there in trembling horror stoops
To kiss the lip of beauty, broken hearted—
Oh! mark that soul-wrung mother, as the thread
That binds her daughter's raven hair is riven,
And as in maniac grief she clasps the dead,
And glues her lips to those which bloom in heaven!

Come hither, thou who wear'st the wreath of fame,
Whose soul is fraught with visions stern and high;
What recks it for the phantom of a name!
Come ponder here, for thou wert born to die!
To die! aye—as a spark quenched by the sea
Thy being shall go out, and thou wilt seem
A dim thing on the waste of memory—
Scarcely a thought—the shadow of a dream!

And thou, fair girl, come to the place of death,
Leave for awhile the boist'rous scenes of mirth;
Life is a flame quenched by a single breath,
And thou a fragile creature of the earth!
Look at thy sister clay—the long dark hair
That streams a pall o'er beauty's lifeless bosom
Once floated gaily in the summer air
As thine does now, till death destroyed love's blossom!

Beloved and loving, she has passed away
With the first frost that cold misfortune sent—
E'en as the snow in April's sunny day,
Thus melted out existence, and she went

Up to her God all artless as the dove
Whom fate's keen arrow pierces—she was given
To be for us a model—and the love
That blessed her here will sanctify in heaven!

How beautiful she was! her full blue eye
Swam with expression—shone with tenderness—
And the long lash fell o'er it droopingly,
As if it were to shadow the excess
Of nature's beauty. Innocence was her's,
Such as the fawn's, all glad activity:
And many bowed as beauty's worshippers—
Oh God! that she should die through treachery!

Aye! she has died—the night winds soon shall bring
Above her grave a mournful requiem,
And wild flowers breathe there with the voice of spring;
Oh would to Heaven that she might come with them!
Come! look your last and kiss that icy brow—
Aye—pour the soul in grief, for she was all
That woman may be in a sphere so low,
And now—oh! God—throw back the sable pall!

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### BRITISH INFLUENCE.—*Randolph.*

*Extract from his speech on the increase of the army.* House of Representatives, Dec. 10, 1811.*

Against whom are these charges brought? Against men, who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. And by whom are they made? By runaways chiefly from the British dominions, since the breaking out of the French troubles. It is insufferable. It can not be borne. It must and ought, with severity, to be put down in this House; and out of it to meet the lie direct. We have no fellow-feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards! Yet even them we do not reprobate. Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates, are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of

* In reply to the charge of being under British influence.

peace and amity. "Turks, Jews, and Infidels," Melimelli or the Little Turtle: barbarians and savages of every clime and colour, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins: in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham for our countrymen: whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of habeas corpus—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence—against our fellow protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washington's, Henry's, Hancock's, Franklin's, Rutledge's of America, learn those principles of civil liberty, which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valour? American resistance to British usurpation, has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots; not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry, than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

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NATURAL PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—*Edinburgh Review.*

We rely on the natural tendency of the human intellect to truth, and on the natural tendency of society to improvement. We know no well-authenticated instance of a people which has decidedly retrograded in civilization and prosperity, except from the influence of violent and terrible calamities,—

such as those which laid the Roman Empire in ruins, or those which, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, desolated Italy. We know of no country which, at the end of fifty years of peace and tolerably good government, has been less prosperous than at the beginning of that period. The political importance of a state may decline, as the balance of power is disturbed by the introduction of new forces. Thus the influence of Holland and of Spain is much diminished. But are Holland and Spain poorer than formerly? We doubt it. Other countries have outrun them. But we suspect that they have been positively, though not relatively, advancing. We suspect that Holland is richer than when she sent her navies up the Thames,—that Spain is richer than when a French king was brought captive to the footstool of Charles the Fifth.

History is full of the signs of this natural progress of society. We see in almost every part of the annals of mankind how the industry of individuals, struggling up against wars, taxes, famines, conflagrations, mischievous prohibitions, and more mischievous protections, creates faster than governments can squander, and repairs whatever invaders can destroy. We see the capital of nations increasing, and all the arts of life approaching nearer and nearer to perfection, in spite of the grossest corruption and the wildest profusion on the part of rulers.

The present moment is one of great distress. But how small will that distress appear when we think over the history of the last forty years;—a war, compared with which, all other wars sink into insignificance;—taxation, such as the most heavily taxed people of former times could not have conceived;—a debt larger than all the public debts that ever existed in the world added together;—the food of the people studiously rendered dear;—the currency imprudently debased, and imprudently restored. Yet is the country poorer than in 1790? We fully believe that, in spite of all the misgovernment of her rulers, she has been almost constantly becoming richer and richer. Now and then there has been a stoppage, now and then a short retrogression; but as to the general tendency there can be no doubt. A single breaker may recede, but the tide is evidently coming in.

SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

If we were to prophecy that in the year 1930, a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad, and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands,—that Sussex and Huntingdonshire will be wealthier than the wealthiest parts of the West-Riding of Yorkshire now are,—that cultivation, rich as that of a flower-garden, will be carried up to the very tops of Ben Nevis and Helvellyn,—that machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house,—that there will be no high-ways but rail-roads, no travelling but by steam,—that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great-grand-children a trifling encumbrance, which might easily be paid off in a year or two—many people would think us insane. We prophecy nothing; but this we say—If any person had told the Parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash in 1720, that in 1830 the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams—that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden—that for one man of £10,000 then living, there would be five men of £50,000; that London would be twice as large and twice as populous, and that nevertheless the mortality would have diminished to one half what it then was—that the post-office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought in together under Charles II.—that stage-coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours—that men would sail without wind, and would be beginning to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as they gave to Gulliver's Travels. Yet the prediction would have been true; and they would have perceived that it was not altogether absurd, if they had considered that the country was then raising every year a sum which would have purchased the fee-simple of the revenue of the Plantagenets—ten times what supported the government of Elizabeth—three times what, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, had been thought intolerably oppressive. To almost all men the state of things under which they have been used to live, seems to be the necessary state of things. We have heard it said, that five per cent. is the natural interest of money, that twelve is the natural number of a jury, that forty shillings is the natural qualification of a county voter. Hence it is that

though, in every age, every body knows that up to his own time progressive improvement has been taking place, nobody seems to reckon on any improvement during the next generation. We cannot absolutely prove that those are in error who tell us that society has reached a turning point—that we have seen our best days. But so said all who came before us, and with just as much apparent reason. 'A million a-year will beggar us,' said the patriots of 1640. 'Two millions a-year will grind the country to powder,' was the cry in 1660. 'Six millions a-year, and a debt of fifty millions!' exclaimed Swift—'the high allies have been the ruin of us.' 'A hundred and forty millions of debt!' said Junius—'well may we say that we owe Lord Chatham more than we shall ever pay, if we owe him such a load as this.' 'Two hundred and forty millions of debt!' cried all the statesmen of 1783 in chorus—'what abilities, or what economy on the part of a minister, can save a country so burdened?' We know that if, since 1783, no fresh debt has been incurred, the increased resources of the country would have enabled us to defray that burden, at which Pitt, Fox, and Burke stood aghast—to defray it over and over again, and that with much lighter taxation than what we have actually borne. On what principle is it, that when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?

It is not by the intermeddling of the omniscient and omnipotent state—but by the prudence and energy of the people, that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization; and it is to the same prudence and the same energy that we now look with comfort and good hope. Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the people by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties—by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment—by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the state. Let the Government do this—the People will assuredly do the rest.

SCENE FROM THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.—*Murphy.*

*Mrs. Bellmour*, and *Lovemore.*

*Love.*—A vein of wit, like yours, that springs at once from vivacity and sentiment, serves to exalt your beauty, and give animation to every charm.

*Mrs. Bell.*—Upon my word, you have said it finely! But you are in the right, my lord. Your pensive melancholy beauty is the most insipid thing in nature. And yet, we often see features without a mind; and the owner of them sits in the room with you, like a mere vegetable, for an hour together, till, at last, she is incited to the violent exertion of, "Yes, sir—I fancy not, ma'am," and then a matter of fact conversation! "Miss Beverly is going to be married to Captain Shoulder-knot—My Lord Mortgage has had another tumble at hazard—Sir Harry Wilding has lost his election—They say short aprons are coming into fashion."

*Love.*—Oh! a matter of fact conversation is insupportable.

*Mrs. Bell.*—But you meet with nothing else. All in great spirits about nothing, and not an idea among them. Go to Ranelagh, or to what public place you will, it is just the same. A lady comes up to you;—"How charmingly you look!—But, my dear ma'am, did you hear what happened to us the other night? We were going home from the Opera—you know my aunt Roly Poly? it was her coach. There was she and Lady Betty Fidget—what a sweet blonde! How do you do, my dear? My Lady Betty is quite recovered; we were all frightened about her; but doctor Snake-root was called in; no, not doctor Snake-root, doctor Bolus; and so he altered the course of the medicines, and so my lady Betty is purely now. Well, there was she, and my aunt, and Sir George Bragwell—a pretty man Sir George!—finest teeth in the world!—your ladyship's most obedient. We expected you last night, but you did not come—He, he, he!—and so there was Sir George and the rest of us; and so, turning the corner of Bond-street, the brute of a coachman—I humbly thank your grace—the brute of a coachman overturned us, and so my aunt Roly Poly was frightened out of her wits; and lady Betty has had her nerves again. Only think! such accidents!—I am glad to see you look so well; al honneur, he, he, he!"

*Love.*—Ho, ho! you paint to the life. I see her moving before me in all her airs.

*Mrs. Bell.*—With this conversation their whole stock is exhausted, and away they run to cards. Quadrille has murdered wit!

*Love.*—Ay, and beauty, too. Cards are the worst enemies to a complexion: the small-pox is not so bad. The passions throw themselves into every feature: I have seen the countenance of an angel changed, in a moment, to absolute deformity: the little loves and graces that sparkled in the eye, bloomed in the cheek, and smiled about the mouth, all wing their flight, and leave the face, which they before adorned, a prey to grief, to anger, malice, and fury, and the whole train of fretful passions.

*Mrs. Bell.*—And the language of the passions is sometimes heard on these occasions.

*Love.*—Very true, madam: and if, by chance, they do bridle and hold in a little, the struggle they undergo is the most ridiculous sight in nature. I have seen a huge oath quivering on the pale lip of a reigning toast for half an hour together, and an uplifted eye accusing the gods for the loss of an odd trick. And then, at last, the whole room in a babel of sounds. "My Lord you flung away the game.—Sir George, why did not you rough the spade?—Captain Hazard, why did not you lead through the honors?—Madam, it was not the play—pardon me, sir—but madam—but sir—I would not play with you for straws; don't you know what Hoyle says?—If A and B are partners against C and D, and the game 'nine all,' A and B have won three tricks, and C and D four tricks: C leads his suit, D puts up the king, then returns the suit: A passes, C puts up the queen, and B trumps it;" and so A and B, and C and D are bandied about; they attack, they defend, and all is jargon and confusion, wrangling, noise, and nonsense; and high life and polite conversation.—Ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Bell.*—Ha! ha! the pencil of Hogarth could not do it better. And yet one is dragged to these places. One must play sometimes. We must let our friends pick our pockets now and then, or they drop our acquaintance.

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THE MORNING MIST.—*Southey.*

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene,
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold,
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
The floating vapours shroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the gay wood and meadow green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away;
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

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### EXTRACT FROM MR. LIVINGSTON'S SPEECH ON THE ALIEN BILL.

*House of Representatives, June* 19, 1798.

But if, regardless of our duty as citizens, and our solemn obligations as representatives; regardless of the rights of our constituents; regardless of every sanction, human and divine, we are ready to violate the constitution we have sworn to defend—will the people submit to our unauthorised acts? will the states sanction our usurped power? Sir, they ought not to submit—they would deserve the chains which these measures are forging for them, if they did not resist. For let no man vainly imagine, that the evil is to stop here; that a few unprotected aliens only are to be affected by this inquisitorial power. The same arguments, which enforce those provisions against aliens, apply with equal strength to enacting them in the case of citizens. The citizen has no other protection for his personal security, that I know, against laws like this, than the humane provisions I have cited from the constitution. But

all these apply in common to the citizen and the stranger: all crimes are to be tried by jury: no person shall be held to answer unless on presentment: in all criminal prosecutions, the accused is to have a public trial: the accused is to be informed of the nature of the charge; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; may have process to enforce the appearance of those in his favour, and is to be allowed counsel in his defence. Unless, therefore, we can believe, that treasonable machinations and the other offences, described in the bill, are not crimes, that an alien is not a person, and that one charged with treasonable practices is not accused—unless we can believe all this in contradiction to our understanding, to received opinions and the uniform practice of our courts, we must allow, that all these provisions extend equally to alien and native; and that the citizen has no other security for his personal safety, than is extended to the stranger, who is within his gate. If, therefore, this security is violated in one instance, what pledge have we that it will not be in the other? The same plea of necessity will justify both. Either the offences, described in the act, are crimes, or they are not. If they are, then all the humane provisions of the constitution forbid this mode of punishing, or preventing them, equally as relates to aliens and citizens. If they are not crimes, the citizen has no more safety by the constitution, than the alien; for all these provisions apply only to crimes. So that in either event, the citizen has the same reason to expect a similar law to the one now before you, which will subject his person to the uncontrolled despotism of a single man. You have already been told of plots and conspiracies; and all the frightful images, that are necessary to keep up the present system of terror and alarm, have been presented to you; but who are implicated by these dark hints—these mysterious allusions? They are our own citizens, sir, not aliens. If there is any necessity for the system now proposed, it is more necessary to be enforced against our own citizens, than against strangers; and I have no doubt, that either in this or some other shape, this will be attempted. I now ask, sir, whether the people of America are prepared for this? Whether they are willing to part with all the means which the wisdom of their ancestors discovered; and their own caution so lately adopted to secure their own persons? Whether they are willing to submit to imprisonment, or exile, whenever suspicion, calumny, or vengeance, shall mark them for ruin? Are they base enough to be prepared for

this? No, sir; they will—I repeat it, they will resist this tyrannical system; the people will oppose, the states will not submit to its operations; they ought not to acquiesce, and I pray to God they never may.

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SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.—*Sidney Smith.*

EVERY year for this half century the question of reform has been pressing upon us, till it has swelled up at last into this great and awful combination, so that almost every city and every borough in England are at this moment assembled for the same purpose, and are doing the same thing we are doing. It damps the ostentation of argument and mitigates the pain of doubt to believe, as I believe, that the measure is inevitable; the consequences may be good or bad, but done it must be. I defy the most determined enemy of popular influence, either now or a little time from now, to prevent a reform in Parliament. Proud lips must swallow bitter potions. The arguments and the practice (as I remember to have heard Mr. Huskisson say,) which did very well twenty years ago, will not do now. The people read too much, think too much, see too many newspapers, hear too many speeches, have their eyes too intensely fixed upon political events; but if it was possible to put off Parliamentary reform a week ago, is it possible now? When a Monarch (whose amiable and popular manners have, I verily believe, saved us from a revolution) approves the measure—when a minister of exalted character plans and fashions it—when a cabinet of such varied talent and disposition protect it—when such a body of the aristocracy vote for it—when the hundred-horse power of the press is labouring for it—who does not know after this (whatever be the decision of the present Parliament) that the measure is virtually carried; and that all the struggle between such annunciation of such a plan, and its completion, is tumult, disorder, disaffection—it may be political ruin! They tell you, gentlemen, that you have grown rich and powerful with these rotten boroughs, and that it would be madness to part with them, or to alter a constitution which had produced such happy effects. There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a labouring man, of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-labourers, and who has made such good use of that supe-

riority, that he has saved what is, for his station in life, a very considerable sum of money, and if his existence is extended to the common period, he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is, and long has been, troubled with violent *stomachic* pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent labourer were to send for a physician, and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him, 'My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach? Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? Have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? Has not your situation, since you were first attacked, been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?' Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? 'Monster of rhubarb,' he would say, 'I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer, and fifty times happier, if I had never had any pains in my stomach at all.' Gentlemen, these rotten boroughs are your pains in the stomach—and you would have been a much richer and greater people if you had never had them at all. Your wealth and your power have been owing, not to the debased and corrupted parts of the House of Commons, but to the many independent and honourable members whom it has always contained within its walls. If it really were a great political innovation, that cities of 100,000 men should have no representatives, because those representives were wanted for political ditches, political walls, and political parks—that the people should be bought and sold like any other commodity—that a retired merchant should be able to go into the market and buy ten shares in the government of twenty millions of his fellow-subjects—yet can such asseverations be made openly before the people? Wise men, conversant with human affairs, may whisper such theories to each other in retirement; but can the people ever be taught that it is right they should be bought and sold? Can the vehemence of eloquent democrats be met with such arguments and theories? Can the doubts of honest and *limited* men be met by such arguments and theories? The moment such a government is looked at by all the people, it is lost. It is impossible to explain, defend, and recommend it to the mass of man-

kind. The greater part of human improvements, I am sorry to say, are made after war, tumult, bloodshed, and civil commotion; mankind seem to object to every species of gratuitous happiness, and to consider every advantage as too cheap which is not purchased by some calamity. I shall esteem it as a singular act of God's providence, if this great nation, guided by these warnings of history, not waiting till tumult for reform, not trusting reform to the rude hands of the lowest of the people, shall amend their decayed institutions, at a period when they are ruled by a popular monarch, guided by an upright minister, and blessed with profound peace.

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### SCENE FROM 'THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

*Sir Pertinax Macsycophant and Egerton.*

*Sir Per.*—Come hither, Charles.

*Eger.*—Your pleasure, sir.

*Sir Per.*—About two hours since I told you, Charles, that I received this letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, sir, you are mentioned in this letter as well as he: to be plain; I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, the remainder of our days.

*Eger.*—I hope, sir, I shall never do any thing to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

*Sir Per.*—I hope so too—but to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made this very day to bring on the grand affair—which is settled for Friday se'night; now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are well heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a large share in that quêstion, and supporting it with all your power.

*Eger.*—Sir, I have always divided as you directed, except on one occasion; never voted against your friends, only in that affair. But, sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence as to insist upon my supporting a measure, by an obvious, prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and my conscience.

*Sir Per.*—Conscience! why, you are mad! did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? con-

science, quotha? I have been in parliament these three and thirty years, and never heard the term made use of before: Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it; therefore, I desire you will not offer to impose upon me with such phantoms, but let me know your reasons for thus slighting my friends, and disobeying my commands. Sir, give me an immediate and an explicit answer.

*Eger.*—Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature; you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor; would make me a devoted slave to selfish leaders, who have no friendship but in faction—no merit but in corruption—nor interest in any measures but their own; and to such men I cannot submit! For know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

*Sir Per.*—What are you about, sir? malignant ferment! and venal ambition! sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country, and every man should be rewarded for it: and pray, sir, would not you wish to serve your country? answer me that? I say, would not you wish to serve your country?

*Eger.*—Only show me how I can serve my country, and my life is hers. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes; or, could my eloquence pull down a state Leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country—black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act it with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit.

*Sir Per.*—Very well! very well! the fellow is beside himself.

*Eger.*—But to be a common barker at envied power—to beat the drum of faction, and sound the trumpet of insidious patriotism, only to displace a rival—or to be a servile voter in proud corruption's filthy train—to market out my vice, my reason, and my trust, to the party broker who best can promise or pay for prostitution; these, sir, are services my nature abhors—for they are such a malady to every kind of virtue, as must in time destroy the fairest constitution that ever wisdom framed, or virtuous liberty fought for.

*Sir Per.*—Why, are you mad, sir? you have certainly been bit by some mad whig or other: but no, sir, after all

this foolmouthed frenzy, and patriotic vulgar intemperance, suppose we were to ask you a plain question or two: pray, what single instance can you, or any man, give of the political vice or corruption of these days, that has not been practised in the greatest estates, and in the most virtuous times? I challenge you to give me a single instance.

*Eger.*—Your pardon, sir—it is a subject I wish to decline: you know, sir, we never can agree about it.

*Sir Per.*—Sir, I insist upon an answer.

*Eger.*—I beg you will excuse me, sir.

*Sir Per.*—I will not excuse you, sir. I insist.

*Eger.*—Then, sir, in obedience, and with your patience, I will answer your question.

*Sir Per.*—Ay, ay, I will be patient, never fear:—come, let us have it, let us have it.

*Eger.*—You shall; and now, sir, let prejudice, the rage of party, and the habitual insolence of successful vice—pause but for one moment—and let religion, laws, power herself, the policy of a nation's virtue, and Britain's guardian genius, take a short, impartial retrospect but of one transaction, notorious in this land—then must they behold yeomen, freemen, citizens, artizans, divines, courtiers, patriots, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and the whole plebeian tribe, in septennial procession, urged and seduced by the contending great ones of the land, to the altar of perjury—with the bribe in one hand and the evangelist in the other—impiously and audaciously affront the majesty of heaven, by calling him to witness that they have not received, nor ever will receive, reward or consideration for his suffrage. Is not this a fact? can it be denied? can it be believed by those who know not Britain? or can it be matched in the records of human policy? Who then, sir, that reflects one moment, as a Briton or a christian, on this picture, would be conducive to a people's infamy and a nation's ruin?

*Sir Per.*—Sir, I have heard your rhapsody with a great deal of patience! and great astonishment—and your are certainly beside yourself. What business have you to trouble your head about the sins or the souls of other men? you should leave these matters to the clergy, who are paid for looking after them; and let every man go his own way: besides, it is not decent to find fault with what is winked at by the whole nation—nay, and practised by all parties.

*Eger.*—That, sir, is the very shame and ruin I complain of.

*Sir. Per.*—Oh! you are very young, very young in these

matters, but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has two consciences—a religious, and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shop-keeper, that knows the science of the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business; a thing of course—a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion: and just so it is at an election: for instance, now, I am a candidate, pray observe, and I go to a periwig maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or thirty guineas for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose; and so on, through a majority of voters: very well; what is the consequence? why, this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us, a commercial friendship—and, in a day or two these men go and give me their suffrages: well, what is the inference? pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, call this a bribe? No, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is only generosity on the one side and gratitude on the other. So, sir, let me have no more of your religious or philosophical refinements; but prepare, attend, and speak to the question, or you are no son of mine. Sir, I insist upon it.

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### EXTRACT FROM MR. SHERIDAN'S SPEECH, IN ANSWER TO MR. BURKE'S, ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

What were their laws? The arbitrary mandates of capricious despotism. What their justice? The partial adjudications of venal magistrates. What their revenue? National bankruptcy. This he thought the fundamental error of the right honourable gentleman's argument, that he accused the national assembly of creating the evils, which they had found existing in full deformity at the first hour of their meeting. The public creditor had been defrauded; the manufacturer was without employ; trade was languishing; famine clung upon the poor; despair on all. In this situation, the wisdom and feelings of the nation were appealed to by the government; and was it to be wondered at by Englishmen, that a people, so circumstanced, should search for the cause and source of all their calamities; or that they should find them in the arbitrary constitution of their government, and in the prodigal and corrupt administration of their revenues? For such an evil, when proved, what remedy could be resorted

to, but a radical amendment of the frame and fabric of the constitution itself. This change was not the object and wish of the national assembly only; it was the claim and cry of all France, united as one man for one purpose. He joined with Mr. Burke in abhorring the cruelties that had been committed; but what was the striking lesson, the awful moral that was to be gathered from the outrages of the people? What but a superior abhorrence of that accursed system of despotic government, which had so deformed and corrupted human nature, as to make its subjects capable of such acts; a government that sets at nought the property, the liberty, the lives of the subjects; a government that deals in extortions, dungeons, and tortures; sets an example of depravity to the slaves it rules over? and if a day of power comes to the wretched populace, it is not to be wondered at, however it is to be regretted, that they act without those feelings of justice and humanity, which the principles and the practice of their governors have stripped them of.

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### EXTRACT FROM MR. HARPER'S SPEECH ON RESISTING THE AGGRESSIONS OF FRANCE.

*House of Representatives.*

When France shall at length be convinced, that we are firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and exert all our strength to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she will soon desist from them. She need not be told what these resources are; she well knows their greatness and extent; she well knows that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary. She will not, therefore, drive us to this extremity, but will desist as soon as she finds us determined. I have already touched on our means of injuring France, and of repelling her attacks; and if those means were less than they are, still they might be rendered all-sufficient, by resolution and courage. It is in these that the strength of nations consists, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money: in the "unconquerable will—the courage never to submit or yield." These are the true sources of national greatness; and to use the words of a celebrated writer,—"when these means are not wanting, all

others will be found or created." It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It is by these, that in latter times, and in the course of the present war, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we, and possessing few of our advantages, have honourably maintained their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself. The Swiss have not been without their trials. They had given refuge to many French emigrants, whom their vengeful and implacable country had driven and pursued from state to state, and whom it wished to deprive of their last asylum in the mountains of Switzerland. The Swiss were required to drive them away, under the pretence that to afford them a retreat was contrary to the laws of neutrality. They at first temporized and evaded the demand. France insisted; and finding at length that evasion was useless, they assumed a firm attitude, and declared that having afforded an asylum to those unfortunate exiles, which no law of neutrality forbade, they would protect them in it at every hazard. France, finding them thus resolved, gave up the attempt. This was effected by that determined courage, which alone can make a nation great or respectable: and this effect has invariably been produced by the same cause, in every age and every clime. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies? It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ, and Hannibal, victorious over three Roman armies, and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword, in the presence of the fathers of his country, not to despair of the republic, marched forth at the head of a people firmly resolved to conquer or die: and that resolution insured them the victory. When did Athens appear the greatest and the most formidable? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the republic, and their ships as their country. It was then they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.

### MR. CURRAN'S DEFENCE OF ORR.

Let me suppose that you had seen him (Orr) removed from his industry, and confined in a gaol; that, through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months, you had seen him, confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common air and the use of his own limbs; that, day after day, you had marked the unhappy captive cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clinking of chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out, and terrified jury give in a verdict of death; that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the Bench, and pray that the mercy of the Crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new, and before unheard of, crimes are discovered against the informer; that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner; that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not! that *after* that period of lingering deliberation passed, *a third respite* is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided.—"Alas! nor wife nor children more shall he behold, nor friends nor sacred home!" No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame,—where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure, or to insult, or

to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of *you* had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? Would you have been mean enough?—But I entreat your forgiveness. I do not think meanly of you: had I thought so meanly of you, I could not have suffered my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honour could speak,—let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to fling my hand across it;—I should have left it to a fitter minstrel.

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SCENE FROM THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—*Sheridan.*

*Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface, Moses,* and *Careless.*

*Charles S.*—Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

*Sir O.*—And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles S.*—Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting;—no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.*—Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles S.*—I hope not.—Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

*Care.*—Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles S.*—That's true. [*Taking pedigree down.*]—What parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full.

Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir O.*—What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*]

*Care.*—Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for, 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles S.*—Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

*Sir O.*—[*Aside to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

*Moses.*—Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

*Charles S.*—Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir O.*—Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*]—Very well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles S.*—Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great Aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.*—Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

*Charles S.*—Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.*—Four guineas.

*Charles S.*—Four guineas!—you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the Woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.*—By all means.

*Care.*—Gone!

*Charles S.*—And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.*—That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of Parliament.

*Care.*—Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles S.*—Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation; but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.*—No, no: six will do for the mayor.

*Charles S.*—Come, make it guineas, and I throw out the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.*—They're mine.

*Charles S.*—Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

*Care.*—Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.*—Well, well, any thing to accommodate you:—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.*—What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

*Sir O.*—Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Charles S.*—What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.*—Your uncle Oliver!—Then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a very disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend o'nt. Don't you think so, little Premium?

*Sir O.*—Upon my word, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles S.*—No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.*—The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles S.*—I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.*—I forgive him every thing! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles S.*—Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.*—How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*]—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance—[*Aside.*]—Here is a draught for your sum.

*Charles S.*—Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

*Sir O.*—You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles S.*—Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

*Sir O.*—Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

*Charles S.*—This is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

*Sir O.*—Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles S.*—But hold: do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir O.*—I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Charles S.*—Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir O.*—You're fixed on that?

*Charles* S.—Peremptorily.

*Sir O.*—A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*]—Good-day! Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who dares call him profligate!

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MODERN GREECE.—*Byron.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the line where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,

And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That line which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

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THE NIGHTINGALE.—*Coleridge.*

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West; no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old, mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy Bird!
A melancholy Bird? Oh! idle thought!

In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the resemblance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! So his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!
And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass, and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,

They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug, jug;
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leafits are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.
A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the Moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the Moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful Birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perch, giddily,
On blos'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly;
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain

Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the Moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends, farewell.

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### AN INSCRIPTION.—*Southey.*

Pizarro here was born; a greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil and pain,
Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course;
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, and with relentless arms
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,
And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.
There is another world, beyond the grave,
According to their deeds where men are judged:
O Reader! if thy daily bread be earned
By daily labour,—yea, however low,
However wretched be thy lot assigned,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.

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### EXTRACT FROM PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH ON THE EXPEDIENCY OF ADOPTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Virginia Convention, June 7, 1788.

I am constrained to make a few remarks on the absurdity of adopting this system, and relying on the chance of getting it amended afterwards. When it is confessed to be replete with defects, is it not offering to insult your understandings, to attempt to reason you out of the propriety of rejecting it,

till it be amended? Does it not insult your judgments to tell you—adopt first, and then amend? Is your rage for novelty so great, that you are first to sign and seal, and then to retract? Is it possible to conceive a greater solecism? I am at a loss what to say. You agree to bind yourselves hand and foot—for the sake of what? Of being unbound. You go into a dungeon—for what? To get out. Is there no danger when you go in, that the bolts of federal authority shall shut you in? Human nature never will part from power. Look for an example of a voluntary relinquishment of power, from one end of the globe to another—you will find none. Nine tenths of our fellow men have been, and are now depressed by the most intolerable slavery, in the different parts of the world, because the strong hand of power has bolted them in the dungeon of despotism. Review the present situation of the nations of Europe, which is pretended to be the freest quarter of the globe. Cast your eyes on the countries called free there. Look at the country from which we are descended, I beseech you; and although we are separated by everlasting, insuperable partitions, yet there are some virtuous people there, who are friends to human nature and liberty. Look at Britain; see there the bolts and bars of power; see bribery and corruption defiling the fairest fabric that ever human nature reared. Can a gentleman, who is an Englishman, or who is acquainted with the English history, desire to prove these evils? See the efforts of a man descended from a friend of America; see the efforts of that man, assisted even by the king, to make reforms. But you find the faults too strong to be amended. Nothing but bloody war can alter them. See Ireland: that country groaned from century to century, without getting their government amended. Previous adoption was the fashion there. They sent for amendments from time to time, but never obtained them, though pressed by the severest oppression, till eighty thousand volunteers demanded them sword in hand—till the power of Britain was prostrate; when the American resistance was crowned with success. Shall we do so? If you judge by the experience of Ireland, you must obtain the amendments as early as possible. But, I ask you again, where is the example that a government was amended by those who instituted it? Where is the instance of the errors of a government rectified by those who adopted them?

THE RIGHT OF THE AMERICANS TO TAKE UP ARMS.—*Chatham.*

My Lords,—I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of Truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, "and England might have stood against the world—now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts for ever will be vain and impotent; doubly so indeed from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never! never! never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize

and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, our army can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier. No longer are their feelings awake to 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war:'—but the sense of honour is degraded into a vile spirit of plunder, and the systematic practice of murder. From the ancient connexion between Great Britain and her colonies, both parties derived the most important advantage. While the shield of our protection was extended over America, she was the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the basis of our power. It is not, my lords, a wild and lawless banditti whom we oppose; the resistance of America is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. Let us then seize with eagerness the present moment of reconciliation. America has not yet finally given herself up to France: there yet remains a possibility of escape from the fatal effect of our delusions. In this complicated crisis of danger, weakness, and calamity, terrified and insulted by the neighbouring powers, unable to act in America, or acting only to be destroyed, where is the man who will venture to flatter us with the hope of success from perseverance in measures productive of these dire effects? Who has the effrontery to attempt it? Where is that man? Let him, if he dare, stand forward and show his face. You cannot conciliate America by your present measures: you cannot subdue her by your present or any measures. What then can you do? You cannot conquer, you cannot gain; but you can address: you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into ignorance of the danger that should produce them. I did hope, instead of that false and empty pride, engendering high conceits and presumptuous imaginations, that ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late repentance, have endeavoured to redeem them. But, my lords, since they have neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun those calamities—since not even bitter experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of parliament

must interpose. I shall therefore, my lords, propose to you an amendment to the address to his majesty—To recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries. This, my lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your lordships neglect the happy and perhaps the only opportunity.

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### THE RIGHT OF BRITAIN TO TAX AMERICA.—*Burke.*

"Oh! inestimable right! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right, the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money! Oh! invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man!" fixing his eye on the minister, "miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us; therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What! shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded. But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day come, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve."

### EXTRACT FROM LORD BYRON'S SPEECH ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

House of Lords.

But there are, who assert the catholics have already been too much indulged: see what has been done; we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs, and lives to offer, and yet they are never to be satisfied! Generous and just declaimers! to this, and to this only, amount the whole of your arguments, when stripped of their sophistry. Those personages remind me of a story of a certain drummer, who being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high, he did—to flog low, he did—to flog in the middle, he did—high, low, down the middle, and up again; but all in vain; the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, "the devil burn you, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will!" Thus it is: you have flogged the catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true, that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate, (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember,) if the catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock, transferred from his daughter's marriage to catholic emancipation—

> 'Would any of the tribe of Barabbas
> Should have it rather than a christian!'

I presume a catholic is a christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson, (whom I take

to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan,) that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the church in these times, would have "cried fire in the deluge." This is more than a metaphor; for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted, (so any doctor will inform your lordships) for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut, (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been,) it is impossible to convince these poor creatures, that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves, is nothing but an ignis fatuus of their own drivelling imaginations. "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?"—it is impossible; they are given over; theirs is the true

'Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.'

These are your true protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against catholic petitions, protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common-sense, can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse, they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

To return to the catholics. Suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities; suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted, what talents have been lost, by the selfish system of exclusion! You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till

equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment, the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a catholic; had he been so we should have been deprived of his exertions; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But he is fighting the battles of the catholics abroad; his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric; whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests and dispersions; all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your lordships will, doubtless, divide new honours between the saviour of Portugal, and the disperser of delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily (of which, by the bye, you have lately deprived him) stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our popish allies. But let four millions of fellow subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens; and although their "father's house has many mansions," there is no resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool, and consequently, in all probability, a bigot? and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body?

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate; you know them, you

will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away will feel them. Adieu to that union so called an union, from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called an union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Concluded.*

And now, my lords, before I sit down, will his majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms? The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct, and that of noble lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends, (if such I may presume to call them,) I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, "no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny Groat's, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation! If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four millions of catholics, to whom their vote of this night is about

to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings "not loud but deep," of bankrupt merchants and doubting stockholders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of night-shade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren! It is true, there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but a "cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously despatched to recruit the "noble army of martyrs."

What if, in the course of this triumphal career, (in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own) they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature; or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted in effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and, above all, their conduct to the catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Buonaparte than catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued, towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country, cargoes of Sevrechina, and blue ribands (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment) blue ribands of the legion of honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as

we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of the conduct pursued by ministers towards the catholics.

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BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.—*Cowper.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blessed abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The World may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered, as they go, by many a sprightly strain
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls his grace designed
To rescue from the ruin of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, 'Go, spend them in the vale of tears.'
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O salutary streams that murmur there!
These, flowing from the fount of grace above;
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love;
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys;
An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own,
And many a pang, experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin;
But ills of every shape and name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.
Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!
No shepherds' tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;

Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine,—
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

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WOLSEY.—*Shakspeare.*

NAY then, farewell,
I have touched the hightest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness was a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
The sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me

Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard—say, I taught thee,—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me to mine enemies.

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PROCRASTINATION.—*Young.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life!
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born:

All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud:
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

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THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.—*Wordsworth.*

Humanity, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a Traveller—old,
Propped on a staff—and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,

The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset—
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net—
That host,—when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal,
That Host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride.
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why, unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home, ah! why should hoary Age be bold?
Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

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EVILS OF CALUMNY AND WAR.—*Governeur Morris.*

[*From a Speech on the Navigation of the Mississippi, delivered in the Senate of the United States, Feb.* 25, 1803.]

Mr. President,—I rise with reluctance on the present occasion. The lateness of the hour forbids me to hope for your patient attention. The subject is of great importance, as it relates to other countries, and still greater to our own: yet we must decide on grounds uncertain, because they depend on circumstances not yet arrived. And when we attempt to penetrate into futurity, after exerting the utmost

powers of reason, aided by all the lights which experience could acquire, our clearest conceptions are involved in doubt. A thousand things may happen, which it is impossible to conjecture, and which will influence the course of events. The wise Governor of all things hath hidden the future from the ken of our understanding. In committing ourselves, therefore, to the examination of what may hereafter arrive, we hazard reputation on contingencies we cannot command. And, when events shall be past, we shall be judged by them, and not by the reasons which we may now advance.

There are many subjects which it is not easy to understand, but it is always easy to misrepresent; and when arguments cannot be controverted, it is not difficult to calumniate motives. That which cannot be confuted may be misstated. The purest intentions may be blackened by malice; this calumny is among the sore evils of our country. It began with our earliest success in '78, and has gone on, with accelerated velocity, and increasing force, to the present hour. It is no longer to be checked, nor will it terminate but in that sweep of general destruction, to which it tends with a step as sure as time, and fatal as death. I know, that what I utter, will be misunderstood, misrepresented, deformed and distorted; but we must do our duty. This, I believe, is the last scene of my public life; and it shall, like those which have preceded it, be performed with candor and truth. Yes, my friends, [addressing himself to the federal senators near him,] we shall soon part to meet no more. But, however separated, and wherever dispersed, we know that we are united by just principle and true sentiment—a sentiment, my country, ever devoted to you, which will expire only with expiring life, and beat in the last pulsation of our hearts!

Mr. President, my object is peace; I could assign many reasons to show, that this declaration is sincere. But can it be necessary to give this senate any other assurance than my word? Notwithstanding the acerbity of temper which results from party strife, gentlemen will believe me on my word. I will not pretend, like my honourable colleague, [Mr. Clinton,] to describe to you the waste, the ravages, and the horrors of war. I have not the same harmonious periods, nor the same musical tones; neither shall I boast of christian charity, nor attempt to display that ingenuous glow of benevolence, so decorous to the cheek of youth, which gave a vivid tint to every sentence he uttered; and was, if possible, as impressive even as his eloquence. But though we possess not the

same pomp of words, our hearts are not insensible to the woes of humanity. We can feel for the misery of plundered towns, the conflagration of defenceless villages, and the devastation of cultured fields. Turning from these features of general distress, we can enter the abodes of private affliction, and behold the widow weeping, as she traces, in the pledges of connubial affection, the resemblance of him whom she has lost for ever. We see the aged matron bending over the ashes of her son. He was her darling; for he was generous and brave, and therefore his spirit led him to the field in defence of his country. We can observe another oppressed with unutterable anguish; condemned to conceal her affection; forced to hide that passion which is at once the torment and delight of life: she learns that those eyes which beamed with sentiment, are closed in death; and his lip, the ruby harbinger of joy, lies pale and cold, the miserable appendage of a mangled corpse. Hard, hard indeed, must be that heart, which can be insensible to scenes like these; and bold the man, who dare present to the Almighty Father a conscience crimsoned with the blood of his children!

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### EXTRACT FROM MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH, ON THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

*House of Representatives, January* 19, 1823.

If it be true, that there is hereafter to be neither a Russian policy, nor a Prussian policy, nor an Austrian policy, nor even, which yet I will not believe, an English policy, there will be, I trust in God, an American policy. If the authority of all these governments be hereafter to be mixed and blended, and to flow, in one augmented current of prerogative, over the face of Europe, sweeping away all resistance in its course, it will yet remain for us to secure our own happiness, by the preservation of our own principles, which I hope we shall have the manliness to express on all proper occasions, and the spirit to defend in every extremity. The end and scope of this amalgamated policy is neither more nor less than this: to interfere, by force, for any government, against any people who may resist it. Be the state of the people what it may, they shall not rise; be the government what it will, it shall not be opposed. The practical commentary has corresponded with the plain language of the text.

Look at Spain, and at Greece. If men may not resist the Spanish inquisition, and the Turkish scimetar, what is there to which humanity must not submit? Stronger cases can never arise. Is it not proper for us, at all times—is it not our duty, at this time, to come forth, and deny and condemn these monstrous principles. Where, but here, and in one other place, are they likely to be resisted? They are advanced with equal coolness and boldness; and they are supported by immense power. The timid will shrink and give way—and many of the brave may be compelled to yield to force. Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and the vigour of the Saxon race. As far as depends on us, at least, I trust those hopes will not be disappointed; and that, to the extent which may consist with our own settled pacific policy, our opinions and sentiments may be brought to act on the right side, and to the right end, on an occasion which is, in truth, nothing less than a momentous question between an intelligent age, full of knowledge, thirsting for improvement, and quickened by a thousand impulses, and the most arbitrary pretensions, sustained by unprecedented power.

This asserted right of forcible intervention, in the affairs of other nations, is an open violation of the public law of the world. Who has authorized these learned doctors of Troppau, to establish new articles in this code? Whence are their diplomas? Is the whole world expected to acquiesce in principles, which entirely subvert the independence of nations? On the basis of this independence has been reared the beautiful fabric of international law. On the principle of this independence, Europe has seen a family of nations, flourishing within its limits, the small among the large, protected not always by power, but by a principle above power, by a sense of propriety and justice. On this principle the great commonwealth of civilized states has been hitherto upheld. There have been occasional departures, or violations, and always disastrous, as in the case of Poland; but, in general, the harmony of the system has been wonderfully preserved. In the production and preservation of this sense of justice, this predominating principle, the Christian religion has acted a main part. Christianity and civilization have laboured together; it seems, indeed, to be a law of our human condition, that they can live and flourish only together. From their blended influence, has arisen that delightful spectacle of the prevalence of reason and principle

over power and interest, so well described by one who was an honour to the age—

"And sovereign law, the world's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits Empress—crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Distraction, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown,
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks."

But this vision is past. While the teachers of Laybach give the rule, there will be no law but the law of the strongest.

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ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THERE is not only a determination in the human mind to set untoward consequences at defiance, but (where they appear to be inevitable) even to court them. This is what is understood by the power of *fascination.* Thieves are subject to this power, like other men, as they are to that of gravitation. Objects of terror often haunt the mind; and, by their influence in subduing the imagination, draw the will to them as a fatality. Persons in excessive and intolerable apprehensions fling themselves into the very arms of what they dread, and are impelled to rush upon their fate, and put an end to their suspense and agitation. These are said to be 'the toys of desperation:' and, fantastical as they may appear, legislators ought to pay more attention to this than they have done; for the mind, in those extreme and violent temperaments which they have to apply to, is not to be dealt with like a mere machine. Gibbets, which have now become very uncommon, may, we think, have produced equivocal effects in this way. They belong to the class of what are called interesting objects. They excite a feeling of horror, not altogether without its attraction, in the ordinary spectator, and startle while they rivet the eye. Who shall say how often, in gloomy and sullen dispositions, this equivocal appeal to the imagination may not have become an ingredient to pamper murderous thoughts, and to give a superstitious bias to the last act of the will? To see this ghastly appearance rearing its spectral form in some solitary place at nightfall, by a wood-side or barren-heath,—to note the wretched scare-

crow figure dangling upon it, black and wasted, parched in the sun, drenched in all the dews of heaven that fall cool and silent on it, while this object of the dread and gaze of men feels nothing, knows nothing, fears nothing, and swings, creaking in the gale, unconscious of all that it has suffered, or that others suffer—there is something in all these circumstances that may lead the mind to tempt the same fate, and place itself beyond the reach of mortal consequences!—Simple hanging, on the contrary, has nothing inviting in it. It is a disagreeable contemplation in all respects. The broken slumbers that precede it—the half-waking out of them to a hideous sense of what is to come—the dull head and heart-ache—the feverish agony, or the more frightful deadness to all feeling—the weight of eyes that overwhelm the criminal's—the faint, useless hope of a mockery of sympathy—the hangman, like a spider, crawling near him—the short helpless struggle—the last sickly pang:—all combine to render this punishment as disgusting as it is melancholy. A man must be tired of his life, indeed, to be ever prompted by such a spectacle to go out of the world in the same way: though, it must be confessed, that it is enough to give one a contempt for humanity, and for all that belongs to it. We think it is a mode of punishment most desirable—to be avoided by every one. It is, however, calculated, if any thing can be, to tame the utmost violence and depravity of the human will, by showing what a poor mean creature a man is or can be made: but we surely are of opinion, it ought not to be inflicted for any act which does not excite the dread and detestation of the community, and cut the individual completely off from all sympathy. We do not conceive that stealing to the value of twelve-pence from the pocket, or of five shillings from a counter, does this; and therefore we are glad that the capital part of the punishment for these offences is abolished; since, though little else than a dead letter, it kept up a theory of wrong, and showed a mean hankering after inhumanity and injustice, which it is afraid to put in practice.

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### WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT AGE.—*Everett.*

What, Mr. President, is the character of the present age? We have read, sir, in history, of the ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Louis XIV.—in fiction of the ages of gold and

silver, and brass, and iron;—in something worse than mere fiction, of the *Age of Reason*.—The present age may be justly described as the *Age of Revolutions*. The whole civilized world is agitated with political convulsions, and seems to be panting and struggling in agony after some unattained—perhaps unattainable good. From the commencement of our revolution up to the present day, we have witnessed in Europe and America, an uninterrupted series of important changes. The thrones of the old world have been shaken to their foundations. On our own continent, empires, that bore the name of colonies, have shaken or are shaking off the shackles of dependence. And so far is this, the age of revolutions, which has already lasted more than half a century, from having reached its termination, that the very last year has been more fruitful in the most tremendous convulsions than any preceding one, and the present will probably be still more agitated than the last. Every arrival from abroad brings us intelligence of some new event of the highest moment: some people rising in revolt against their sovereign: some new constitution proclaimed in one country: some reform, equivalent to a new constitution, projected in another: France in the midst of a dangerous revolutionary crisis: Belgium, Poland and Italy the scenes of actual hostilities: England on the eve of commotion: the whole European commonwealth apparently plunging again into the gulf of general war.

What is the object of all these desperate struggles?—The object of them is to obtain an extension of individual liberty. Established institutions have lost their influence and authority. Men have become weary of submitting to names and forms which they once reverenced. It has been ascertained,—to use the language of Napoleon, that a throne is only four boards covered with velvet,—that a written constitution is but a sheet of parchment. There is, in short, an effort making throughout the world to reduce the action of Government within the narrowest possible limits, and to give the widest possible extent to individual liberty.

Our own country, Mr. President, though happily exempt,—and God grant that it may long continue so—from the troubles of Europe, is not exempt from the influence of the causes that produce them. We too are inspired, and agitated, and governed by the all-pervading, all-inspiring, all-agitating, all-governing spirit of the age. What do I say? We were the first to feel and act upon its influence. Our revolution was

the first of the long series that has since shaken every corner of Europe and America. Our fathers led the van in the long array of heroes, martyrs and confessors who had fought and fallen under the banner of liberty. The institutions they bequeathed to us, and under which we are living in peace and happiness, were founded on the principles which lie at the bottom of the present agitation in Europe. We have realized what our contemporaries are labouring to attain.—Our tranquillity is the fruit of an entire acquiescence in the spirit of the age. We have reduced the action of Government within narrower limits, and given a wider scope to individual liberty than any community that ever flourished before.

We live, therefore, Mr. President, in an age and in a country where positive laws and institutions have comparatively but little direct force. But human nature remains the same. The passions are as wild, as ardent, as ungovernable in a republic as in a despotism. What then is to arrest their violence? What principle is to take the place of the restraints that were formerly imposed by time—honoured customs—venerable names and forms—military and police establishments, which once maintained the peace of society, but which are fast losing their influence in Europe, and which have long since lost it in this country? I answer, in one word, Religion. Where the direct influence of Power is hardly felt, the indirect influence of Religion must be proportionably increased, or society will be converted into a scene of wild confusion. The citizen who is released in a great measure from the control of positive authority, must possess within his own mind, the strong curb of an enlightened conscience, a well grounded, deeply felt, rational and practical Piety; or else he will be given over, without redemption, to the sins that most easily beset him, and by indulging in them will contribute, so far as he has it in his power, to disturb the harmony of the whole body politic.

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### America and England.—*Sir James Macintosh.*

North America presents to our observation the extraordinary spectacle of a Commonwealth advancing with gigantic strides to imperial greatness, with institutions of which some are hitherto untried among powerful states. By

a singular fortune, it has happened, that the same European people have conquered the most ancient seats of civilization in the East, and founded this new order of society in the Western World. At the same moment we learn, that the site of Meroe is ascertained, or the remains of Babylon surveyed in one quarter of the globe; while in another, populous and flourishing republics spring up in the wilderness, and industry subdues the desert with a rapidity which exceeds the course of the most renowned warriors. In the dominions, or among the descendants of the English nation we discover the most venerable antiquity to which remembrance can stretch, and the utmost progress in the time to come, from which the most sanguine hopes of enthusiasm can anticipate improvement. This is a position of great dignity, in which perhaps no people was ever placed before. But there are many among us who seem disposed to reject the better part of this high destiny. All who, from whatever motive, either of narrow faction or of political jealousy, regard America with unfriendly eyes, are strangely forgetful of the honour which redounds to their country from that monument of the genius and courage of Englishmen. It was not thus that this great subject was viewed by the wisest men who have gone before us. "We view the establishment of the English colonies on principles of liberty," says Mr. Burke, "as that which is to render this kingdom venerable to future ages. In comparison of this, we regard all the victories and conquests of our warlike ancestors, or of our own times, as barbarous, vulgar distinctions, in which many nations, whom we look upon with little respect or value, have equalled, if not far exceeded us. This is the peculiar and appropriate glory of England. Those who *have and who hold* to that foundation of common liberty, whether on this or on your side of the ocean, we consider as the true and the only true Englishmen. Those who depart from it, whether there or here, are attainted, corrupted in blood, and wholly fallen from their original rank and value. They are the real rebels to the fair constitution and just supremacy of England."* These words were intended to be addressed to the people of America in January 1777, a period of civil war, by a zealous friend of the supremacy of England, after the declaration of American independence. The two English States on both sides of the Atlantic are now indeed liable to those vicissi-

*Burke's Address to the British Colonists in North America.

tudes of war and peace to which popular interests and passions expose all independent countries; but their friendly intercourse is perhaps still more endangered by popular animosities; and its continuance depends, in some measure, on their habitual temper and feelings towards each other.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Concluded.*

The glory of England is the establishment of Liberty in a great empire. To her belong the great moral discoveries of Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury, of a Popular Representation and a Free Press. These institutions she sent forth with her colonists into the wilderness. By these institutions they have grown into a mighty nation. The more they multiply and spread, the more splendid will the name of that nation become which has bestowed these inestimable blessings on the world. The laws of England, founded on principles of liberty, are still, in substance, the code of America. Our writers, our statutes, the most modern decisions of our judges, are quoted in every court of justice from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. English law, as well as English liberty, are the foundations on which the legislation of America is founded. The authority of our jurisprudence may survive the power of our government for as many ages, as the laws of Rome commanded the reverence of Europe, after the subversion of her empire.

Our language is as much that of America as it is that of England. As America increases, the glory of the great writers of England increases with it. The admirers of Shakspeare and of Milton are multiplied. The fame of every future Englishman of genius is more widely spread. It is unreasonable, then, to hope that these ties of birth, of liberty, of laws, of language and of literature, may in time prevail over vulgar, ignoble, and ruinous prejudices? Their ancestors were as much the countrymen of Bacon and Newton, of Hampden and Sidney, as ours. They are entitled to their full share of that inheritance of glory which has descended from our common forefathers. Neither the liberty of England, nor her genius, nor the noble language which that genius has consecrated, is worthy of their disregard. All these honours are theirs if they choose to preserve them. The history of England, till the adoption of counsels adverse to liberty, is

their history. We may still preserve or revive kindred feelings. *They* may claim noble ancestors, and *we* may look forward to renowned descendants,—unless adverse prejudices should dispose *them* to reject those honours which they have lawfully inherited, and lead *us* to envy that greatness which has arisen from our institutions, and will perpetuate our fame.

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POVERTY RESISTING THE TEMPTATIONS TO VICE.—*Bulwer.*

THERE is nothing to us so exalted, or so divine, as a great and brave spirit working out its end through every earthly obstacle and evil: watching through the utter darkness, and steadily defying the phantoms which crowd around it; wrestling with the mighty allurements, and rejecting the fearful voices of that want which is the deadliest and surest of human tempers; nursing through all calamity the love of species, and the warmer and closer affections of private ties; sacrificing no duty, resisting all sin; and amidst every horror and every humiliation, feeding the still and bright light of that genius which, like the lamp of the fabulist, though it may waste itself for years amidst the depth of solitude, and the silence of the tomb, shall live and burn immortal and undimmed, when all around it is rottenness and decay.

And yet we confess that it is a painful and bitter task to record the humiliations, the wearing, petty, stinging humiliations of poverty; to count the drops as they slowly fall, one by one, upon the fretted and indignant heart; to particularize, with the scrupulous and nice hand of indifference, the minutest segments, the fractional and divided moments in the dial-plate of misery; to behold the delicacies of birth, the masculine pride of blood, the dignities of intellect, the wealth of knowledge, the feminacies and graces of womanhood—all that enoble and soften the stony mass of common places which *is* our life, frittered into atoms, trampled into the dust and mire of the meanest thoroughfares of distress; life and soul, the energies and aims of man, ground into one prostrating want, cramped into one levelling sympathy with the dregs and refuse of his kind, blistered into a single galling and festering sore: this is, we own, a painful and a bitter task; but it hath its redemption: a pride even in debasement, a pleasure even in wo: and it is therefore that while we have abridged,

we have not shunned it. There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy. Amidst all that humbles and scathes—amidst all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," *they* stand erect, riven, not uprooted, a monument less of pity than of awe. There are some who, exalted by a spirit above all casualty and wo, seem to throw over the most degrading circumstances the halo of an innate and consecrating power; the very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them, become almost venerable and divine; and some portion, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the INFANT GOD, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish the Angel Virtue at their hearts, fling over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of heaven.

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VIRTUE.—*Bulwer.*

BUT VIRTUE has resources buried in itself, which we know not, till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, Virtue is God's empire, and from his throne of thrones He will defend it. The orbs of creation, the islands of light which float in myriads on the ocean of the universe; suns that have no number, pouring life upon worlds that, untravelled by the wings of seraphim, spread through the depths of space without end; these are, to the eye of God, but the creatures of a lesser exertion of His power, born to blaze, to testify His glory, and to perish! But Virtue is more precious than all worlds—an emanation, an essence of Himself—more ethereal than the angels—more durable than the palaces of Heaven!—the mightiest masterpiece of Him who set the stars upon their courses, and filled chaos with an universe! Though cast into this distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it;

the banners of arch-angels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness, at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of its Creator!

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### THE PERORATION OF MR. WIRT'S SPEECH IN BEHALF OF THE CHEROKEE NATION.

*Delivered in the Supreme Court of the United States, Jan.* 1831.

It is with no ordinary feelings that I am about to take leave of this cause. The existence of this remnant of a once great and mighty nation is at stake, and it is for your honours to say, whether they shall be blotted out from the creation, in utter disregard of all our treaties. They are here in the last extremity, and with them must perish for ever the honour of the American name. The faith of our nation is fatally linked with their existence, and the blow which destroys them quenches for ever our own glory: for what glory can there be of which a patriot can be proud, after the good name of his country shall have departed? We may gather laurels on the field and trophies on the ocean, but they will never hide this foul and bloody blot upon our escutcheon. "Remember, the Cherokee nation!" will be answer enough to the proudest boast that we can ever make—answer enough to cover with confusion the face and the heart of every man among us, in whose bosom the last spark of grace has not been extinguished. Such, it is possible, there may be, who are willing to glory in their own shame, and to triumph in the disgrace which they are permitted to heap upon this nation. But, thank Heaven, they are comparatively few. The great majority of the American people see this subject in its true light. They have hearts of flesh in their bosoms, instead of hearts of stone, and every rising and setting sun witnesses the smoke of the incense from the thousands and tens of thousands of domestic altars, ascending to the throne of grace to invoke its guidance and blessing on your counsels. The most undoubting confidence is reposed in this tribunal.

We know that whatever can be properly done for this unfortunate people, will be done by this honourable court. Their cause is one that must come home to every honest and feeling heart. They have been true and faithful to us, and have a right to expect a corresponding fidelity on our part. Through

a long course of years they have followed our counsel with the docility of children. Our wish has been their law. We asked them to become civilized, and they became so. They assumed our dress, copied our names, pursued our course of education, adopted our form of government, embraced our religion, and have been proud to imitate us in every thing in their power. They have watched the progress of our prosperity with the strongest interest, and have marked the rising grandeur of our nation with as much pride as if they had belonged to us. They have even adopted our resentments, and in our war with the Seminole tribes, they voluntarily joined our arms, and gave effectual aid in driving back those barbarians from the very state that now oppresses them. They threw upon the field in that war, a body of men, who proved by their martial bearing, their descent from the noble race that were once the lords of these extensive forests—men worthy to associate with the "lion," who, in their own language, "walks upon the mountain tops." They fought side by side with our present chief magistrate, and received his repeated thanks for their gallantry and conduct.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Concluded.*

May it please your honours, they have refused to us no gratification which it has been in their power to grant. We asked them for a portion of their lands, and they ceded it. We asked them again and again, and they continued to cede until they have now reduced themselves within the narrowest compass that their own subsistence will permit. What return are we about to make to them for all this kindness? We have pledged, for their protection and for the guarantee of the remainder of their lands, the faith and honour of our nation; a faith and honour never sullied, nor even drawn into question until now. We promised them, and they trusted us. They have trusted us. Shall they be deceived? They would as soon expect to see their rivers run upwards on their sources, or the sun roll back in his career, as that the United States would prove false to them, and false to the word so solemnly pledged by their Washington, and renewed and perpetuated by his illustrious successors.

Is this the high mark to which the American nation has been so strenuously and successfully pressing forward? Shall

we sell the mighty meed of our high honours, at so worthless a price, and in two short years, cancel all the glory which we have been gaining before the world, for the last half century? Forbid it, Heaven!

I will hope for better things. There is a spirit that will yet save us. I trust that we shall find it here, in this sacred court; where no foul and malignant demon of party enters to darken the understanding, or to deaden the heart, but where all is clear, calm, pure, vital and firm. I cannot believe that this honourable court, possessing the power of preservation, will stand by, and see these people stripped of their property, and extirpated from the earth, while they are holding up to us their treaties, and claiming the fulfilment of our engagements. If truth, and faith, and honour, and justice have fled from every other part of our country, we shall find them here. If not,—our sun has gone down in treachery, blood and crime, in the face of the world; and, instead of being proud of our country, as heretofore, we may well call upon the rocks and mountains to hide our shame from earth and heaven.

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### SCENE FROM IVANHOE.—*Scott.*

*Cedric* and *Athelstane in a dungeon: Wamba enters, disguised as a Priest.*

*Wamba.*—The blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Dennis, St. Duthoc, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye.

*Cedric.*—With what intent art thou come hither?

*Wam.*—To bid you prepare yourself for death.

*Ced.*—It is impossible. Fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open and gratuitous cruelty.

*Wam.*—Alas! to restrain them by their sense of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink thee, therefore, noble Cedric, and you also, gallant Athelstane, what crimes you have committed in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal.

*Ced.*—Hearest thou this, Athelstane? we must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since better it is we should die like men than live like slaves.

*Athel.*—I am ready to stand the worst of their malice, and

shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner.

*Ced.*—Let us then unto our holy gear, father.

*Wam.*—Wait yet a moment, good uncle; better look long before ye leap in the dark.

*Ced.*—By my faith, I should know that voice.

*Wam.*—It is that of your trusty slave and jester. Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long.

*Ced.*—How mean'st thou knave?

*Wam.*—Even thus; take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead.

*Ced.*—Leave thee in my stead! why, they would hang thee, my poor knave.

*Wam.*—E'en let them do as they are permitted. I trust—no disparagement to your birth—that the son of Witless may hang in a chain with as much gravity as the chain hung upon his ancestor the alderman.

*Ced.*—Well, Wamba, for one thing will I grant the request; and that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me.

*Wam.*—No, by St. Dunstan, there were little reason in that. Good right there is, that the son of Witless should suffer to save the son of Hereward; but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to his.

*Ced.*—Villain, the fathers of Athelstane were monarchs of England.

*Wam.*—They might be whomsoever they pleased; but my neck stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for their sake. Wherefore, good my master, either take my proffer yourself, or suffer me to leave this dungeon as free as I entered.

*Ced.*—Let the old tree wither, so the stately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba! it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins. Thou and I will abide together the utmost rage of our injurious oppressors, while he, free and safe, shall arouse the awakened spirits of our countrymen to avenge us.

*Athel.*—Not so, father Cedric; I would rather remain in this hall a week without food, save the prisoner's stinted loaf,

or drink, save the prisoner's measure of water, than embrace the opportunity to escape, which this slave's untaught kindness has purveyed for his master.

*Wam.*—You are called wise men, sirs, and I a crazed fool; but, uncle Cedric, and cousin Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye, and save ye the trouble of straining courtesies any farther. I am like John-a-Duck's mare, that will let no man mount her but John-a-Duck. I came to save my master, and if he will not consent—basta—I can but go away home again. Kind service can not be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttle-cock, or stool-ball. I'll hang for no man but my own born master.

*Athel.*—Go, then, noble Cedric, neglect not this opportunity. Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue—your remaining here would ruin us all.

*Ced.*—And is there any prospect then of rescue, from without?

*Wam.*—Prospect, indeed! let me tell you, when you fill my cloak, you are wrapt in a general's cassock. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. My fool's-cap was a casque, and my bauble a truncheon. Well, we shall see what good they shall make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. Truly, I fear they will lose in valour what they may gain in discretion. And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog Fangs; and let my cockscomb hang in the hall at Rothwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool.*

*Ced.*—Thy memory shall be preserved, while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth. But that I trust I shall find the means of saving Rowena, and thee, Athelstane, and thee also, my poor Wamba, thou shouldst not overbear me in this matter.—I know no language but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?

*Wam.*—The spell lies in two words. Pax vobiscum will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, Pax vobiscum carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar, as a broom-stick to a witch, or a wand to a conjuror. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone,—Pax vobiscum!—it is irresistible.—Watch and ward, knight and squire, foot and horse, it acts as a charm upon them all. I think, if they

* The last word came out with a sort of double expression, betwixt jest and earnest. The tears stood in Cedric's eyes.

bring me out to-morrow to be hanged, as is much to be doubted they may, I will try its weight upon the finisher of the sentence.

*Ced.*—If such prove the case, my religious orders are soon taken.—Pax vobiscum. I trust I shall remember the password. Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head—I will save you, or return and die with you. The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt while mine beats in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it.—Farewell.

*Athel.*—Farewell, noble Cedric; remember it is the true part of a friar to accept refreshments, if you are offered any.

*Wam.*—Farewell, uncle, and remember Pax vobiscum.

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### EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES FOR THE CROWN.*—*Edinburgh Review.*

Such was the commencement and first restoration of our affairs with respect to Thebes; the two countries having been previously brought by these miscreants into a state of animosity and distrust. This decree caused the danger, which then environed the city, to pass away like a cloud. Now, the duty of a good citizen was to declare publickly at the time, if he had any better measures to propose, and not now to condemn them. For an honest adviser, and a false accuser, resembling each other in no one thing, differ most of all in this—that the one declares his opinion before the events happen, and renders himself responsible to those who adopt his counsel,—to fortune,—to events,—to any person who may call him to account; but the other, keeping silence when he ought to speak out, makes a reverse of fortune, if any should happen, the subject of unjust accusations. That, then, was the season, as I have already said, for a man to come forward, who had the good of his country at heart, with honest advice. But I go farther, and to so extravagant a length, that if, *at this moment*, any one can point out any thing better to have been done, or if, upon the whole, any thing else was possible, except what I adopted, I will admit that I did wrong. For

* In reference to the decree which had the effect of uniting the Thebans and Athenians against Philip.

if any man has now discovered what would have been of advantage had it been then resorted to, I avow that it ought not to have escaped me. But if there neither is nor was,—and no man, even at this hour, can suggest any such thing, what ought a statesman to have done? Ought he not to have chosen whatever was the best, under existing circumstances, and out of the means within his reach? This is the very thing I did, Æschines, when the public herald demanded—"Who wishes to address the people?—not—"Who wishes to find fault with past events?"—or, "Who wishes to pledge himself for what is to happen?" Whilst you, at this crisis, sat silent in the assembly, I came forward and spoke. But if you could not *then*,—at least point out *now*,—let us hear what resource which I ought to have discovered, or what opportunity which I ought to have improved, was then omitted by me on behalf of the country. What alliance? What single measure, that I ought to have, or have actually persuaded the people to pursue, in preference to what was actually adopted?

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

But, moreover, the past is always dismissed by all men from deliberation, and no one ever proposes any counsel respecting that. The future, or the present, alone require the skill of a statesman. At that time, then, undoubtedly some dangers appeared to be approaching, and others actually were at hand; with regard to both which, I again invite you to examine the character of my public conduct, and do not unjustly upbraid me with the event. For the termination of all things must ever be at the disposal of Providence, and it is only from the measures he proposes, that any judgment can be formed of the intelligence of a statesman. Never let it be attributed to me then as an offence, if it did so fall out, that Philip won the battle; for the issue of that was in the hand of God, and not of me. But show, that I did not select such measures as, according to human foresight, and what was practicable, were the best, or that I did not faithfully and honestly, and laboriously (even beyond my strength) execute them; or that the course proposed by me was not honourable and worthy of the country, and necessary,—show me this, and then accuse me. But if that tempest or thunder-clap which came upon us was too powerful, not only for us, but

for all the rest of the Greeks to resist, what was to be done? Just as if the master of a vessel, after having done every thing possible for its security, and equipped it with every thing for the purpose, and with the prospect of safety, were to encounter a storm, and, upon his tackle being strained or wholly given way, were to suffer shipwreck, and then some one should blame him;—why, I had not the control of the vessel, he might reply;—any more than I had the command of the army, or was the master of Fortune, instead of her being the mistress of every thing. But recollect and consider this; if it was our evil destiny so to fail, when fighting in conjunction with the Thebans, what might we not have expected, if we had not had them for our allies, but they had been united with Philip—an event for which this Æschines was eternally lifting up his voice? And if when the battle was fought, at the distance of three days' journey, such danger and consternation came upon the city, what ought we not to suppose must have happened, if the calamity had taken place within our own territory? Do you think we should have been allowed now to exist, and assemble and breathe again? Three days, or two, or even one, contributed largely to the salvation of the country. In the other event—but I need not pursue consequences, which the goodness of Providence, and the shield I placed before the city by this decree (which you, Æschines, revile) would not allow us to experience.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

But all these numerous topics are addressed to you, the judges, and to the strangers who are present and listening to the trial; forasmuch as against this contemptible wretch himself, a short and simple statement would suffice. For if futurity was revealed to you alone of all mankind, Æschines, when the state was in deliberation upon the measures to be adopted—that was the time for you to have foretold the result;—but if you did not foresee it, you are open to the imputation of the same ignorance as others:—what greater right then have you to accuse me upon this subject, than I to accuse you? In this, at least, I proved myself so much a better citizen than yourself upon these very measures (and I am, at present, speaking of none other) in proportion as I rendered myself responsible for what then seemed to be for

the public interest, without any personal apprehension, or underhand calculation about myself;—whilst you neither offered any better suggestions, (for if you had, the people would not have acted upon mine,) nor made yourself useful in any one particular,—but the very course, which might have been expected from the worst-disposed person and the bitterest enemy of the State, you are proved to have pursued upon the events as they have arisen,—and, at the same moment, Aristratus at Naxes, Aristolaus at Thassus,—in one word, the enemies of the Athenians, all the world over, are dragging their friends to the bar of justice, and at Athens, Æschines is, of course, accusing Demosthenes! Although that man, for whom the misfortunes of the Greeks are reserved as a source of glory, ought rather to suffer death himself, than accuse another; and he can not be well affected to his country, who has such an identity of interest with its enemies, as that the same circumstances should be, at once, profitable to both. By the habits of your life and private conduct;—by what you do in public affairs,—and by what you decline doing, you manifest what you are. Is there any thing going on, from which there is a prospect of advantage to the country? Æschines is dumb. Has there been any failure, or a result different from what it ought? Forth comes Æschines! just as old fractures and sprains rack us afresh, when the body is attacked by disease.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Concluded.*

SEEING, however, that he dwells so much upon past events, I am willing to maintain what may appear paradoxical; but let no man, in the name of Jupiter and the gods I conjure you, feel astonished at my boldness, but attend favourably to what I am about to say. If, then, the events, which were about to happen, had been manifest to all, and every man had foreseen them, and you, Æschines, had predicted and protested, with shouts and vociferations,—you, who never opened your mouth,—I say, that not even then should the city have departed from its line of policy, if it had any concern for its glory, its ancestors, or posterity. For, as it is, we but appear to have failed in our undertakings, which is the common lot of humanity, when it is God's pleasure; but, in the other case, we should have been subject to the imputation of hav-

ing affected to take the lead amongst the Greeks, and afterwards, in abandoning that pretension, of having betrayed them all into the hands of Philip. For if without a struggle we had resigned this precedence,—in support of which there is no danger, of whatever description, which our ancestors have not endured,—who is there, who might not justly have despised even you, Æschines,—to say nothing of the State, or of myself?—Good God!—with what countenance could we have borne to look in the faces of strangers who arrived in the city, if affairs had proceeded to the present crisis, and Philip had been chosen Captain-General and Ruler of Greece, and others had commenced a struggle to prevent this happening, without our participation?—And that, too, when, in no former time, this country has ever preferred inglorious security to peril in pursuit of honour. For what Greek, or what Barbarian does not know full well, that both by the Thebans, and, earlier still, by the Lacedæmonians, when they were in power, and by the King of Persia himself, it would have been most thankfully conceded to this city to retain its own possessions, and to receive almost any acquisition, provided it would submit to a command, and allow another to lord it over the Greeks? But such things, it seems, were not deemed, by the Athenians of those days, hereditary, or bearable, or natural.—Nor has any man ever, during all time, been enabled to persuade this city, by adhering to those who had power, but were unwilling to act justly, to purchase security with slavery;—but, throughout its whole career, it has persevered in a contest and hazardous struggle for supremacy and honour, and glory. And these principles you deem to be so congenial with your habits, that you praise those of your ancestors the most, who have acted up to them the best. And with good reason. For who can fail to admire the virtue of those men, who endured to leave their territory and their city, and embark on ship-board, that they might not submit to a master,—having chosen for their general Themistocles, who gave them this counsel, and having stoned to death Cyrsilus, who declared himself for listening to the terms dictated,—and not merely so, but your very wives having stoned to death his? For the Athenians of those days did not look for an Orator or a General, by whose means they might be prosperous and enslaved. They did not deign to live, unless they were allowed to do so with freedom. For every man amongst them conceived that he was born, not merely for his father and his mother, but for his country.

And what is the difference? Why, that the man, who supposes that he is born for his parents only, awaits the spontaneous arrival and appointed time of death; but he who believes that he is born for his country also, will be willing to lay down his life that he may not see it enslaved, and will regard the contumelies and insults which he must endure in an enslaved country, as far more to be feared than death.

If now I affected to say that I induced you to adopt *opinions* worthy of your ancestors, there is no man, who might not justly reprehend me: but, as it is, I am showing, that, before my time, the State entertained these sentiments, though a share in the *execution* of every thing which has been done I do affirm to be mine. But this Æschines, in condemning the whole in a lump, and exhorting you to regard me with aversion, as the cause of the terror and danger which befel the country, is, indeed, desirous of depriving me of my temporary glory; but is, at the same time, robbing you of the praises which are your due throughout all after ages. For, if you should condemn Ctesiphon, upon the ground that my public measures were not the best possible, you will appear to have been in error, and not to have suffered that which has happened through the blind caprice of fortune. But it cannot be,—it cannot be that you have erred, O men of Athens, in *encountering danger* for the common liberty and safety of Greece. No!—By those ancestors I swear, who, for this cause, courted death at Marathon, and who stood in battle-array at Platææ, and by those who fought the sea-fights at Salamis and off Artemisium, and so many other brave men who lie interred in the public sepulchres of the country;—*all* of whom the State buried without distinction, Æschines, deeming them worthy of equal honours,—and not those only who were successful, or who won the victory.—And justly. For the duty of brave men was done by them all; but the fortune, which they met with, was such as Providence was pleased to dispense to them.

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### EXTRACT FROM THE ORATION OF ÆSCHINES AGAINST DEMOSTHENES.

What?—Is the man whom you propose to be crowned, of such a description, that he cannot be known by those who have been benefited by him, unless there be somebody to

speak for you? Ask, then, the judges if they knew Chabrias, and Iphicrates, and Timotheus; and inquire of them, wherefore they gave them rewards and erected statues to their honour? They all, with one voice, will answer, that it was to Chabrias, on account of the naval victory at Naxos,—to Iphicrates, because he cut in pieces the Lacedæmonian legion,—to Timotheus, for the relief of Corcyra,—and to others, because many and honourable exploits had been performed by them in war. And if any one should inquire of you, why you will *not* give them to Demosthenes, your answer should be, Because he has taken bribes,—because he is a coward,—because he has deserted his post in the field! And whether (think you) will you honour him, or dishonour yourselves, and those who have died for you in battle—whom imagine you see bewailing—if this man shall be crowned? For it would be monstrous, O Athenians! if we remove out of our territory stocks, and stones, and pieces of iron,—mute and senseless objects, if, by falling upon persons, they have been the cause of their death, and if any one shall commit suicide, we bury the hand which did the deed, apart from the body, and you shall honour Demosthenes, O Athenians!—the man who proposed the last of all your expeditions, and betrayed your soldiers to the enemy! Why then the dead are dishonoured, and the living become dispirited, when they behold death the appointed prize of valour, and the memory of the dead fading away.

But,—what is the most important of all, if your youths should inquire of you, upon what model they ought to form their conduct, what will you answer? For you well know, that it is not the Palæstras alone, nor the schools, nor musick, which instruct your youth, but much more the public proclamations. Is any man, scandalous in his life, and odious for his vices, proclaimed in the theatre as having been crowned on account of his virtue, his general excellence and patriotism?—the youth who witnesses it is depraved. Does any profligate and abandoned libertine, like Ctesiphon, suffer punishment?—all other persons are instructed. Does a man, who has given a vote against what is honourable and just, upon his return home, attempt to teach his son? He, with good reason, will not listen; and that, which would otherwise be instruction, is justly termed importunity. Do you, therefore, give your votes not merely as deciding the present cause, but with a view to consequences—for your justification to those citizens, who are not now present, but who will demand

an account from you of the judgment which you have pronounced. For you know full well, O Athenians! that the credit of the city will be such as is the character of the person who is crowned; and it is a disgrace for you to be likened, not to your ancestors, but to the cowardice of Demosthenes.

I then,—I call you to witness, ye Earth, and Sun!—and Virtue, and Intellect, and Education, by which we distinguish what is honourable from what is base,—have given my help and have spoken. And if I have conducted the accusation adequately, and in a manner worthy of the transgression of the laws, I have spoken as I wished;—if imperfectly, then only as I have been able. But do you, both from what has been said, and what has been omitted, of yourselves, decide as is just and convenient on behalf of the country.

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### CONNECTICUT.—*Halleck.*

And still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That murmurs at their feet, a conquered wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Their's is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
A "fierce democracy," where all are true
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
And to their laws, denominated blue;
(If red, they might to Draco's code belong;)
A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred—the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year;
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things;—and should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—"we know."

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none,
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die;
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence and peddling.

Or wandering through southern countries, teaching
The A, B, C, from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining, by what they call "hook and crook,"
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favourable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in paradise.

But these are but their out-casts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowest farm-house hearth is graced
With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have been there nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye,
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one,
Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington

When on that field, his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began—
"Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
For four pounds eight and seven pence per man,
By England's king—a bargain as is thought—
Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can—
For we must beat them boys, ere set of sun,
Or Mary Stark's a widow."—It was done.

Her's are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
  Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales;
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies that fling
  Such wild enchantment o'er Boccacio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno—yet the wing
  Of life's best angel, health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow—and in the autumn time,
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon,—the mist that shrouds
  Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendour of her sunset clouds,
  The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye in solitude, and crowds,
  Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love;
  Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power,
The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove,
  The mother smiling in her infant's bower;
Forms, features, worshipped while we breathe or move,
  Be by some spirit of your dreaming hour,
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air,
To the green land I sing; then wake, you'll find them there.

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### DIRGE OF ALARIC,* THE VISIGOTH.—*Everett.*

When I am dead, no pageant train
  Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain,
  Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
  Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
  In hollow circumstance of woes:

* Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him, that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place for ever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of Kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods, that gave them birth;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth;

And low the Queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done:
I go to Him from whom I came:
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
But darker ministers of fate
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait;
And soon mankind shall blanch away
Before the name of At'tila.

### CONDITION OF LITERARY MEN.—*Ed. Review.*

THE immortal minds which feed their fellow-creatures with intellectual subsistence, have a right to the most substantial protection for the least fragment of their interests. They are melancholy words in which Dryden addressed the public of his day. 'It will continue to be the ingratitude of mankind, that they who teach wisdom by the surest means, shall generally live poor and unregarded, as if they were born only for the public, and had no interest in their own well-being, but were to be lighted up like tapers, and waste themselves for the benefit of others.' And though, in that public, succeeding authors have found a worthier patron than it was their great master's fortune to obtain from among a Court, which corrupted and debased the dignity of his genius, yet even the modern public too often appears as a mere literary glutton, selfishly absorbed in the gratification of its taste, with very small regard for the interests of those who provide for its indulgence. The followers of literature seem as it were to have taken up the cross, and engaged in a service which, like that of virtue, was to be its own reward. Scholar and beggar, as Adam Smith says, are synonymous expressions. The realizer of a fortune is a prodigy in the history of learning; whilst the cellars and garrets of every metropolis in Europe afford degrading shelter to the long line of Otways and Chattertons who have perished in her cause. Nor is this accounted for by the carelessness of poets. We know the frugality of Johnson's habits, were not less remarkable than the extent and usefulness of his works. The mighty Moralist surely need not shrink, in any sense, from a comparison with Lord Thurlow, the great Lawyer of that day, except in the shameful contrast between the respective remuneration of their labours—the one at the height of power and riches, the other struggling with penury and honest pride for the greater part of his life, and left dependent on an eleemosynary pension for a competence in his latter days.—While such seems to be the inevitable condition of literary men, it is miserable to see the bread taken out of their mouths, as it were, with a facility and a nonchalance on the part even of the public, upon which we do not care to express our feelings. But cotton and sugar, we are told, are none the worse for the misery which forms part of their preparation, and nobody smells the brimstone in his honey.—

Lord Camden, in his splendid peroration against literary property, tells an author, 'Glory is his reward, and posterity will pay it.' In other words, he tells the public, 'Take advantage of the nobleness of his character:—urged on by the instinct of genius, and by his love for fame, by his sympathy with man and nature, he will not stop to raise a question on his rights, or waste a thought on the money-payment of his labours—therefore, it will be your own fault if you don't drive a good bargain with so disinterested a customer.' Injustice unfortunately is still injustice, though clothed in sentimental language; and only bows him out of the room, instead of kicking him down stairs. We have always felt it as a clap-trap for a gallery of pirates, who, of course, encore it, though with a vehemence short of what is showered down on the less complimentary judgments of Lord Eldon. But (for ourselves) we see no reason for congratulating the friends of public honour or public morals, in the fact that Hone or Benbow is enriched with the spoils of Moore or Byron. Fame is very good as garnish, but something more immediate is required. The literary thief knows he cannot be indicted; himself a pauper, he laughs at the damages of an action; and it must be an odd book indeed, of a popular nature, from which a doubt, which some possible Chancellor may not think reasonable, cannot be extracted.

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### MOORE AND BYRON COMPARED.—*Jeffrey.*

We conceive, though these two celebrated writers in some measure divide the poetical public between them, that it is not the same public whose favour they severally enjoy in the highest degree. They are both read and admired, no doubt, in the same extended circle of taste and fashion; but each is the favourite of a totally different set of readers. Thus a lover may pay the same outward attention to two different women; but he only means to flirt with the one, while the other is the mistress of his heart. The gay, the fair, the witty, the happy, idolize Mr. Moore's delightful Muse, on her pedestal of airy smiles or transient tears. Lord Byron's severer verse is enshrined in the breasts of those whose gaiety has been turned to gall, whose fair exterior has a canker within, whose mirth has received a rebuke as if it were folly, from whom happiness has fled like a dream! If we

compute the odds upon the known chances of human life, his Lordship will bid fair to have as numerous a class of votaries as his more agreeable rival! We are not going to give a preference, but we beg leave to make a distinction on the present occasion. The poetry of Moore is essentially that of *Fancy;* the poetry of Byron that of *Passion.* If there is passion in the effusions of the one, the fancy by which it is expressed predominates over it: if fancy is called to the aid of the other, it is still subservient to the passion. Lord Byron's jests are downright earnest; Mr. Moore, when he is most serious, seems half in jest. The latter plays and trifles with his subject, caresses and grows enamoured of it: the former grasps it eagerly to his bosom, breathes death upon it, and turns from it with loathing or dismay! The fine aroma, that is exhaled from the flowers of poesy, every where lends its perfume to the verse of the Bard of Erin.—The noble bard (less fortunate in his Muse) tries to extract poison from them. If Lord Byron flings his own views or feelings upon outward objects, (jaundicing the sun,) Mr. Moore seems to exist in the delights, the virgin fancies of nature. He is free of the Rosicrucian society; and enjoys an ethereal existence among troops of sylphs and spirits, and in a perpetual vision of wings, flowers, rainbows, smiles, blushes, tears and kisses. Every page of his works is a vignette, every line that he writes glows or sparkles; and it would seem (so some one said who knew him well and loved him much) "as if his airy spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspirations, to regain that native source of light and heat." The worst is, our author's mind is too vivid, too active, to suffer a moment's repose. We are cloyed with sweetness and dazzled with splendour.—Every image must "blush celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,"—every syllable must breathe a sigh. A sentiment is lost in a simile—the simile is overloaded with an epithet. It is "like morn risen on mid-noon." No eventful story, no powerful contrast, no *moral*, none of the sordid details of human life (all is ethereal,) none of its sharp calamities, or, if they inevitably occur, his Muse throws a soft, glittering veil over them,

> "Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
> Brightening the storm it cannot calm."

We do not believe Mr. Moore ever writes a line, that in itself would not pass for poetry, that is not at least a vivid or harmonious common-place. Lord Byron writes whole pages

of sullen, crabbed prose, like a long dreary road that, however, leads to doleful shades or palaces of the blest. In short, Mr. Moore's Parnassus is a blooming Eden; Lord Byron's is a rugged wilderness of shame and sorrow. On the tree of knowledge of the first, you can see nothing but perpetual flowers and verdure; in the last, you see the naked stem and rough bark; but it heaves at intervals with inarticulate throes, and you hear the shrieks of a human voice within.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

CRITICALLY speaking, Mr. Moore's poetry is chargeable with two peculiarities. First, the pleasure or interest he conveys to us is almost always derived from the first impressions or physical properties of objects, not from their connexion with passion or circumstances. His lights dazzle the eye, his perfumes soothe the smell, his sounds ravish the ear: but then they do so for and from themselves, and at all times and places equally—for the heart has nothing to do with it. Hence we observe a kind of fastidious extravagance in Mr. Moore's serious poetry. Each thing must be fine, soft, exquisite in itself, for it is never set off by reflection or contrast. It glitters to the sense through an atmosphere of indifference. Our indolent, luxurious bard does not whet the appetite by setting us to hunt after the game of human passion, and is therefore obliged to pamper us with dainties, seasoned with rich fancy and the *sauce piquante* of poetic diction. Poetry, in his hands, becomes a kind of *cosmetic* art—it is the poetry of the toilette. His Muse must be as fine as the Lady of Loretto. The naked Venus to some eyes would seem a dowdy to her! Now, this principle of composition leads not only to a defect of dramatic interest, but also of imagination. For every thing in this world, the meanest incident or object, may receive a light and an importance from its association with other objects and with the heart of man; and the variety thus created is endless as it is striking and profound. But if we begin and end in those objects that are beautiful or dazzling in themselves and at first blush, we shall soon be confined to a narrow round of self-pleasing topics, and be both superficial and wearisome. It is the fault of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, that he has perversely relied too much (or wholly) on this reaction of the

imagination on subjects that are petty and repulsive in themselves, and of Mr. Moore's, that he appeals too exclusively to the flattering support of sense and fancy. Secondly, We have remarked that Mr. Moore hardly ever describes entire objects, but abstract qualities of objects. It is not a picture that he gives us, but an inventory of beauty. He takes a blush, or a smile, and runs on whole stanzas in extatic praise of it, and then diverges to the sound of a voice, and 'discourses eloquent music' on the subject; but it might as well be the light of Heaven that he is describing, or the voice of Echo—we have no human figure before us, no palpable reality, answering to any substantive form in nature. Hence we think it may be explained why it is that this author has so little picturesque effect—with such vividness of conception, such insatiable ambition after ornament, and such an inexhaustible and delightful play of fancy. Mr. Moore is a colourist in poetry, a musician also, and has a heart full of tenderness and susceptibility for all that is delightful and amiable in itself, and that does not require the ordeal of suffering, of crime, or of deep thought to stamp it with a bold character. In this, we conceive, consists the charm of his poetry, which all the world feel, but which it is so difficult for critics to explain scientifically, and in conformity to *transcendental rules*. It has the charm of the softest and most brilliant execution. There is no wrinkle, no deformity on its smooth and shining surface. It has the charm which arises from the continual desire to please, and from the spontaneous sense of pleasure in the author's mind. Without being gross in the smallest degree, it is voluptuous in the highest. It is a sort of sylph-like, spiritualized sensuality. So far from being licentious in the present instance, Mr. Moore has become moral and sentimental (indeed he was always the last)—and tantalizes his young and fair readers with the glittering shadows and mystic adumbrations of evanescent delights. He (in fine) in his courtship of the Muses, resembles those lovers who always say the softest things on all occasions; who smile with irresistible good humour at their own success; who banish pain and truth from their thoughts, and who impart the delight they feel in themselves unconsciously to others! Mr. Moore's poetry is the thornless rose—its touch is velvet, its hue vermilion, and its graceful form is cast in beauty's mould. Lord Byron's is a prickly bramble, or sometimes a deadly Upas, of form uncouth and uninviting, that has its root in the clefts of the

rock, and its head mocking the skies, round which the loud cataracts roar, and that wars with the thunder-cloud and tempest.

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### GRATITUDE.—*Grattan.*

I SHALL hear of ingratitude: I name the argument to despise it, and the men who make use of it. I know the men who use it are not grateful; they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument. I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free—no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasure, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude. No man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honour, nor nation of her liberty. There are certain unimpartable, inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says, that Ireland is insatiable; saying, that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges. To say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade, and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

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### FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.—*Scott.*

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoyed me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers while speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage:
Nor gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretched on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain those enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell then—enchantress!—I meet thee no more.

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### THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.—*Pringle.*

Who sleeps below? who sleeps below?
It is a question idle all!
Ask of the breezes as they blow,
Say, do they heed, or hear thy call?
They murmur in the trees around,
And mock thy voice, an empty sound!

A hundred summer suns have showered
Their fostering warmth, and radiance bright;
A hundred winter storms have lowered
With piercing floods, and hues of night,
Since first this remnant of his race
Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say did he come from east, from west,
From southern climes, or where the pole,
With frosty sceptre, doth arrest
The howling billows, as they roll?
Within what realm of peace or strife,
Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?
Did grandeur smile upon his lot?

Or, born to dark obscurity,
Dwelt he within some lonely cot,
And from his youth to labour wed,
From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years
Bowed down and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears,
And the dim eye-ball sight withheld;
Like a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken, mid the orchard brown?

When all the friends that blessed his prime,
Were vanished like a morning dream;
Plucked one by one by spareless time,
And scattered in oblivion's stream;
Passing away all silently,
Like snow flakes melting in the sea?

Or, mid the summer of his years,
When round him thronged his children young,
When bright eyes gushed with burning tears,
And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widowed wife, scarce half resigned?

Or, mid the sunshine of his spring
Came the swift bolt that dashed him down,
When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deemed him all her own,
And forward looked to happier years
Than ever blessed their vale of tears?

Perhaps he perished for the faith,—
One of that persecuted band,
Who suffered tortures, bonds, and death,
To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the martyr's fame,
Espoused his fate, nor found a name!

Say, was he one to science blind,
A groper in earth's dungeon dark!
Or one, whose bold aspiring mind
Did in the fair creation mark
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's control?

Hush, wild surmise!—'tis vain—'tis vain—
The summer flowers in beauty blow,
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
O'er some old bones that rot below;
No other record can we trace
Of fame, or fortune, rank, or race!

Then what is life, when thus we see
No trace remains of life's career?—
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson gloweth here;
Put 'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?
'Tis doomed that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,
Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
We float not on the breath of fame;
But, like the dew-drop from the flower,
Pass, after glittering for an hour?

Since soul decays not; freed from earth
And earthly coils, it bursts away;
Receiving a celestial birth,
And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars, and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through heaven's eternal year!

Do good; shun evil; live not thou,
As if at death thy being died;
Nor error's syren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end—the grave!
And trust in Him whose arm can save.

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YOUTH AND AGE.—*Coleridge.*

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where HOPE clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! LIFE went a Maying
With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,
When I was young!

*When* I was young! Ah, woeful *when!*
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide;
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When YOUTH and I lived in't together!
Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree,—
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah, mournful *ere*,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one—
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou are gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought! so think I will,
That Youth and I are house-mates still!

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### IRELAND.—*Grattan.*

SEE her military ardour, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct, as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but

let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety, and this hour of redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the character of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man." Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of Parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instructions of your constituents, bilge the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which—not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or, rather, the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it, when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty. It begins to be made a question in England, whether the principal persons *wish* to be free. It was the delicacy of former parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they should show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. You have spoken out, you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks as for a favour; and your exultation has brought your charters as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty. Thus, you do not leave your rights even where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation, in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. It is very true, you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woollen, and may load a vessel with baize, serges, and kerseys; and you may bring back again directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of Parliament, the securing, crowning, and

the consummation of every thing, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a parliament.

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SCENE FROM THE DISOWNED.—*Bulwer.*

*Glendower.*—It is a fine night, Whence come you?

*Wolfe.*—From contemplating human misery and worse than human degradation.

*G.*—Those words specify no place—they apply universally.

*W.*—Ay, Glendower, for misgovernment is universal. Oh! it maddens me to look upon the willingness with which men hug their trappings of slavery,—bears, proud of the rags which deck, and the monkeys which ride them. But it frets me yet more when some lordling sweeps along, lifting his dull eyes above the fools whose only crime and debasement are—what?—their subjection *to him!*—You are poor, and your spirit rises against your lot; you are just, and your heart swells against the general oppression you behold; can you not dare to remedy your ills, and those of mankind?

*G.*—I can dare, all things but crime.

*W.*—And which is crime? the rising against, or the submission to, evil government? Which is crime, I ask you?

*G.*—That which is the most imprudent. We may sport in ordinary cases with our own safeties; but only in rare cases with the safety of others.

*W.*—Come here, come, and look out.

*G.*—Why did you call me? I see nothing.

*W.*—Nothing? look again—look on yon sordid and squalid huts—look at yon court, that from this wretched street leads to abodes to which these are as palaces: look at yon victims of vice and famine plying beneath the midnight skies their filthy and infectious trade. Wherever you turn your eyes, what see you? Misery, loathsomeness, sin! Are you a man, and call you these nothing! And now lean forth still more—see afar off by yonder lamp, the mansion of ill-gotten and griping wealth. He who owns those buildings, what did he that he should riot while we starve? He wrung from the negro's tears and bloody sweat, the luxuries of a

pampered and vitiated taste; he pandered to the excesses of the rich; he heaped their tables with the product of a nation's groans. Lo!—his reward! He is rich—prosperous—honoured! He sits in the legislative assembly; he declaims against immorality; he contends for the safety of property, and the equilibrium of ranks. Transport yourself from this spot for an instant—imagine that you survey the gorgeous homes of aristocracy and power—the palaces of the west. What see you there—the few, sucking, draining, exhausting the blood, the treasure, the very existence of the many? Are we, who are *of* the many, wise to suffer it?

*G.*—Are we of the many?

*W.*—We could be.

*G.*—I doubt it.

*W.*—Listen, listen to me. There are in this country, men, whose spirits not years of delayed hope, wearisome persecution, and, bitterer than all, misrepresentation from some, and contempt from others, have yet quelled and tamed. We watch our opportunity; the growing distress of the country, the increasing severity and misrule of the administration will soon afford it us. Your talents, your benevolence, render you worthy to join us. Do so, and—

*G.*—Hush! you know not what you say; you weigh not the folly, the madness of your design! I am a man more fallen, more sunken, more disappointed than you. I, too, have had at my heart the burning and lonely hope, which, through years of misfortune and want, has comforted me with the thought of serving and enlightening mankind. I, too, have devoted to the fulfilment of that hope, days and nights, in which the brain grew dizzy, and the heart heavy and clogged with the intensity of my pursuits. Were the dungeon and the scaffold my reward, Heaven knows that I would not flinch eye or hand, or abate a jot of heart and hope in the thankless prosecution of my toils. Know me, then, as one of fortunes more desperate than your own; of an ambition more unquenchable; of a philanthropy no less ardent; and, I *will* add, of a courage no less firm: and behold the utter hopelessness of your projects with others, when to me they only appear the visions of an enthusiast!

*W.*—Is it even so? Are my hopes but delusions?—Has my life been but one idle though convulsive dream?—Is the goddess of our religion banished from this great and populous earth, to the seared and barren hearts of a few solitary worshippers, whom all else despise as madmen, or persecute

as idolaters?—And if so, shall we adore her the less?—No! though we perish in her cause, it is around her altar that our corpses shall be found!"

*G.*—My friend, the night is yet early: we will trim the lamp, and sit down to discuss our several doctrines calmly, and in the spirit of truth and investigation.

*W.*—Away! away! I will not listen to you—I dread your reasonings—I would not have a particle of my faith shaken. If I err, I have erred from my birth: erred with Brutus and Tell, Hampden and Milton, and all whom the thousand tribes and parties of earth consecrate with their common gratitude and eternal reverence. In that error I will die! If our party can struggle not with hosts, there may yet arise some minister with the ambition of Cæsar, if not his genius—of whom a single dagger can rid the earth!"

*G.*—And if not?

*W.*—I have the same dagger for myself!

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### EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. HAYNE, ON THE TARIFF.

*Delivered in the Senate of the United States, April*, 1824.

The first objection, which I shall urge against this policy is, that it assumes, that government is capable of regulating industry better than individuals; a position which is wholly untenable. From the nature of things, labour and capital should be permitted to seek their own employment, under the guidance, entirely, of individual prudence and sagacity. Government, from the very elevation of its position, is necessarily incapable of taking that close view of the subject, and obtaining that accurate knowledge of details, indispensable to a judicious determination, of the relative advantages of different pursuits in any community. This depends so much on local circumstances, that personal observation and individual exertions are alone competent to the task. I deny, that any government can enter into the private walks of life, and wisely control the pursuits of its citizens; or judiciously regulate the various branches of home industry. In the domestic concerns of nations, as of individuals, it is sufficient that men are prevented from trespassing on the property, or invading the rights of their neighbours. Sir, it would afford matter for curious speculation, if the various regulations, by which men have been controlled in their pursuits, could be

presented in one view to our consideration. In England, we find, that, in the reign of Henry IV. the crown was authorized by an act of parliament, to order "one rood of flax or hemp to be planted for every sixty acres cultivated in other grains," and this was done for the purpose, (as it is quaintly expressed,) "of making of nets and eschewing of idleness." It is, in the east, however, that we find the system, advocated by the gentlemen on the other side, carried to the greatest perfection: we know that, in some parts of that country, the people are divided into casts, and every man is compelled to pursue the trade of his father. Not only the occupation of the people, but their food, their language, and even their names are prescribed; and we are told, that in China, "the power of the emperor is exerted even on the dead, on whom he confers titles of honour, or, according to their language, makes them naked spirits." Without dwelling, however, on this topic I will concede all the gentleman can ask; I will admit, that governments have every where, and in every age, presumed to regulate man in all his pursuits. Every thing connected with his existence, from the cradle to the grave, nay, beyond the grave; the language he shall speak—the name he shall bear—the food he shall eat—the trade he shall follow—what he shall sow, and what he shall reap—his hours of labour and of rest—the place in which he shall dwell—the opinions he shall cherish or express—the books he shall read, and the God he shall worship; every thing, in short, which belongs to him as a created being, is the subject of arbitrary regulation, and man is made a creature without heart, or soul, or mind, a mere machine, obedient to the will of the human artist, who puts it into operation. But, sir, we are taught to believe, that the establishment of our government formed a new era in the history of the world, and that the practical operation of our constitution was destined to exhibit a splendid example of the perfection to which man would attain, when freed from the shackles which had been imposed on him in other countries. We were taught to expect that a government, instituted by the people, and administered for their benefit alone—where the human mind would be left without restraint to pursue its own happiness, in its own way—must, by its good fruits, recommend a free system to all nations. I can well recollect, sir, that among the first lessons instilled into my mind, that which made the deepest and most lasting impression, was to consider the Republican Institutions of my country, like the air which we breathe, as be-

stowing life, and health, and happiness, without our being conscious of the means by which these inestimable gifts are conferred; like the providence of God, unfelt and unseen, yet dispensing the richest blessings to all the children of men. But, these, we are told, are the illusions of the imagination. Man cannot be safely left to mark out his own course to happiness; but here, as elsewhere, the various employments of industry, and capital, must be so artificially arranged and balanced, as to produce results to be prescribed by law. We have been further told, sir, that our beloved country is in a state of such unparalleled suffering, that desperate remedies have become necessary to save the people, I presume, from "their worst enemies, themselves." One honourable gentleman, attributes our calamities to over importation—the balance of trade—the drain of specie, and so forth—and told us, "that in three years, every dollar in the country would be exported, and in three more, the fee simple of our soil, would be held by the agents of the British merchants." This gloomy picture of our condition, would certainly excite the most melancholy sensations, if its extravagance did not provoke a smile.

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### SCENE FROM THE CRITIC.—*Sheridan.*

*Dangle, Sneer, Sir Fretful, Plagiary, Mrs. Dangle.*

*Dan.* Ah, my dear friend!—we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

*Sneer.* You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

*Sir F.* You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

*Mrs. D.* They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful, for it was but just now that—

*Dan.* Mrs. Dangle! Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now—He knows how she admires you, and—

*Sir F.* I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—[*Aside.*] A very double-faced fellow!

*Dan.* Yes, yes,—Sneer will jest—but a better humour'd—

*Sir F.* O, I know—

*Dan.* He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.—

*Sir F.* No,—or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

*Dan.* But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

*Sir F.* No, no, I thank you; I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden theatre this morning.

*Sneer.* I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

*Sir F.* O lud! no—never send a play there while I live—harkee! [*Whispers Sneer.*

*Sneer.* '*Writes himself!*' I know he does—

*Sir F.* I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

*Sneer.* I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

*Sir F.* Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

*Sneer.* What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

*Sir F.* Steal!—to be sure they may; and, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

*Sneer.* But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he you know never—

*Sir F.* That's no security—A dextrous plagiarist may do any thing—Why, sir, for ought I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

*Sneer.* That might be done, I dare be sworn.

*Sir F.* And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole—

*Dan.* If it succeeds.

*Sir F.* Aye,—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman; for I can safely swear he never read it.

*Sneer.* I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

*Sir F.* How?

*Sneer.* Swear he wrote it.

*Sir F.* Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

*Sneer.* Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

*Sir F.* Hey!—Sir!

*Dan.* O you know he never means what he says.

*Sir F.* Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

*Sneer.* Wonderfully!

*Sir F.* But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dan.* Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to.—

*Sir F.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.* Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir F.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir F.* Heavens!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

*Sneer.* Yes; I own, I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir F.* Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference.—But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dan.* Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer.—I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

*Sir F.* Rises, I believe, you mean, sir—

*Dan.* No; I don't, upon my word.

*Sir F.* Yes, yes, you do, upon my word—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you—No, no, it don't fall off.

*Dan.* Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

*Mrs. D.* No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

*Sir F.* Upon my honour, the women are the best judges after all!

*Mrs. D.* Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to

nothing in the piece! but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

*Sir F.* Pray, Madam, do you speak as to duration of time? or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

*Mrs. D.* O lud! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

*Sir F.* Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play: I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. D.* Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

*Sir F.* O, if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair!—But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

*Mrs. D.* I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

*Dan.* Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir F.* The newspapers!—Sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them! No! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dan.* You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir F.* No!—quite the contrary;—their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.* Why, that's true—and that attack now on you the other day—

*Sir F.* What? where?

*Dan.* Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natur'd, to be sure.

*Sir F.* O, so much the better—Ha! ha! ha!—I wouldn't have it otherwise.

*Dan.* Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

*Sir F.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious!

*Sir F.* O lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least. I—But one may as well hear, you know.

*Dan.* Sneer, do you recollect?—Make out something. [*Aside.*

*Sneer.* I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir F.* Well, and pray now—not that it signifies; what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever: though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir F.* Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

*Sneer.* That, as to Comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

*Sir F.* Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir F.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

*Sir F.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-wolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's Page, and about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir F.* Ha!

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

*Sir F.* [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vex'd at this.

*Sneer.* Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir F.* I know it—I am diverted.—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good! very good!

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

*Dan.* A severe rogue! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir F.* To be sure—for, if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one good-natured friend or another!

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AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.—*Moore.*

CHEERED by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither,—
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount,
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce,—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
With blood of guests! there written all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now, that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,
Reclining there,—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said in mild
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child,
"When young and haply pure as thou,
"I looked and prayed like thee—but now"—
He hung his head,—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept,
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

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### HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.—*Bryant.*

The sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious hosts of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires:
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and round the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way.
Many a bright lingerer, as the eye grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High toward the star-lit sky
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,

Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous waste, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their foot-steps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of the unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

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SCENE FROM HAMLET.—*Shakspeare.*

*Hamlet, Horatio,* and *Marcellus.*

*Horatio.* Hail to your lordship!
*Hamlet.* I am glad to see you well;
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
*Mar.* My good lord,——
*Ham.* I am very glad to see you;—good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.
*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.
*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.
'Would I had met my direst foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father—Methinks, I see my father.

*Hor.* Where,
My lord?
*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.
*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
*Ham.* Saw! who?
*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.
*Ham.* The king my father!
*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.
*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
*Ham.* But where was this?
*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?
*Hor.* My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.
*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.
*Hor.* As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*All.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not
His face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would, I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like,
Very like: Staid it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant, it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honour.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

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### SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM, IN REPLY TO LORD SUFFOLK.

*On the employment of Indians in the American War.*

Lord Suffolk, secretary of state, contended for the employment of Indians in the American war: "Besides its policy and necessity," his lordship said "that the measure was also allowable on principle; for that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and nature had put into our hands." Lord Chatham instantly replied.

"I am astonished, shocked to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country. My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as christians, to protest against such horrid barbarity—that God and nature put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity! What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.

From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Your protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My lords, I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles."

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### SPEECH OF MR. CURRAN.

*In the House of Commons, Dublin, 1790, on increased salaries to the stamp-duty officers.*

I RISE with that deep concern and melancholy hesitation, which a man must feel who does not know whether he is addressing an independent Parliament, the representatives of the people of Ireland, or whether he is addressing the representatives of corruption. I rise to make the experiment; and I approach the question with all the awful feelings of a man who finds a dear friend prostrate and wounded on the ground, and who dreads lest the means he should use to recover him may only serve to show that he is dead and gone for ever. I rise to make an experiment upon the representatives of the people, whether they have abdicated their

trust, and have become the paltry representatives of Castle influence; it is to make an experiment on the feelings and probity of gentlemen, as was done on a great personage, when it was said, 'Thou art the man.' It is not a question respecting a paltry viceroy; no; it is a question between the body of the country and the administration; it is a charge against the government for opening the batteries of corruption against the liberties of the people. The grand inquest of the nation are called on to decide this charge; they are called on to declare whether they would appear as the prosecutors or the accomplices of corruption; for though the question relative to the division of the Boards of Stamps and Accounts is in itself of little importance, yet will it develope a system of corruption tending to the utter destruction of Irish liberty, and to the separation of the connexion with England.

Sir, I bring forward an act of the meanest administration that ever disgraced this country. I bring it forward as one of the threads by which, united with others of similar texture, the vermin of the meanest kind have been able to tie down a body of strength and importance. Let me not be supposed to rest here; when the murderer left the mark of his bloody hand upon the wall, it was not the trace of one finger, but the whole impression which convicted him.*

The Board of Accounts was instituted in lord Townshend's administration: it came forward in a manner rather inauspicious; it was questioned in Parliament, and decided by the majority of the five members who had received places under it. Born in corruption, it could only succeed by venality. It continued an useless Board until the granting of the stamp duties in lord Harcourt's time; the management of the stamps was then committed to it, and a solemn compact was made that the taxes should not be jobbed, but that both departments should be executed by one Board. So it continued till it was thought necessary to increase the salaries of the commissioners in the marquis of Buckingham's famous administration; but then nothing was held sacred; the increase of the revenue Board, the increase of the ord-

* There is a popular little story, which relates, that a murderer, intending to cover the whole mark of his blood-stained hand with dust, left that of one finger unconcealed; and that he continued firmly to protest his innocence, until the removal of the dust convicted him, by displaying an impression corresponding exactly with the size of his hand.

nance, thirteen thousand pounds a year added to the infamous pension list, these were not sufficient; but a compact, which should have been held sacred, was violated, in order to make places for members of Parliament. How indecent! two county members prying into stamps! What could have provoked this insult? I will tell you. You remember when the sceptre was trembling in the hand of an almost expiring monarch; when a factious and desperate English minister attempted to grasp it, you stood up against the profanation of the English, and the insult offered to the Irish crown, and had you not done it, the union of the empire would have been dissolved. You remember this; remember then yourselves, remember your triumph; it was that triumph which exposed you to submit to the resentment of the viceroy; it was that triumph which exposed you to disgrace and flagellation. In proportion as you rose by union, your tyrant became appalled; but when he divided, he sunk you, and you became debased. How this has happened, no man could imagine; no man could have suspected that a minister without talents could have worked your ruin. There is a pride in a great nation that fears not its destruction from a reptile; yet is there more than fable in what we are told of the Romans,—that they guarded the Palladium, rather against the subtlety of a thief, than the force of an invader.

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SAME SUBJECT.—*Continued.*

I BRING forward this motion, not as a question of finance, not as a question of regulation, but as a penal inquiry; and the people will now see whether they are to hope for help within these walls, or, turning their eyes towards heaven, they are to depend on God and their own virtue. I rise in an assembly of three hundred persons, one hundred of whom have places or pensions; I rise in an assembly, one-third of whom have their ears sealed against the complaints of the people, and their eyes intently turned to their own interest: I rise before the whisperers of the treasury, the bargainers and runners of the castle; I address an audience, before whom was held forth the doctrine, that the crown ought to use its influence on this House. It has been known, that a master has been condemned by the confession of his slave,

drawn from him by torment; but here the case is plain: this confession was not made from constraint; it came from a country gentleman, deservedly high in the confidence of administration, for he gave up other confidence to obtain theirs.

I know I am speaking too plain; but which is the more honest physician, he who lulls his patient into a fatal security, or he who points out the danger and the remedy of the disease?

I should not be surprised if bad men of great talents should endeavour to enslave a people; but when I see folly uniting with vice, corruption with imbecility, men without talents attempting to overthrow our liberty, my indignation rises at the presumption and audacity of the attempt. That such men should creep into power, is a fatal symptom to the constitution; the political, like the material body, when near its dissolution, often bursts out in swarms of vermin.

In this administration, a place may be found for every bad man, whether it be to distribute the wealth of the treasury, to vote in the House, to whisper and to bargain, to stand at the door and note the exits and entrances of your members, to mark whether they can earn their wages, whether it be for the hireling who comes for his hire, or for the drunken aid-de-camp who swaggers in a brothel; nay, some of them find their way to the treasury-bench, the political musicians, or hurdy-gurdy-men, to pipe the praises of the viceroy.

Yet, notwithstanding the profusion of government, I ask what defence have they made for the country in case it should be invaded by a foreign foe? They have not a single ship on the coast. Is it then the smug aide-de-camp, or the banditti of the pension-list, or the infantine statesmen, who play in the sunshine of the castle, that are to defend the country? No, it is the stigmatized citizens. We are now sitting in a country of four millions of people, and our boast is, that they are governed by laws to which themselves consent; but are not more than three millions of the people excluded from any participation in making those laws? In a neighbouring country, twenty-four millions of people were governed by laws to which their consent was never asked; but we have seen them struggle for freedom: in this struggle they have burst their chains, and on the altar erected by despotism to public slavery, they have enthroned the image of public liberty.

But are our people merely excluded? No, they are de-

nied redress. Next to the adoration which is due to God, I bend in reverence to the institutions of that religion which teaches me to know his divine goodness; but what advantage does the peasant of the south receive from the institutions of religion? Does he experience the blessing? No, he never hears the voice of the shepherd, nor feels the pastoral crook, but when it is entering his flesh, and goading his very soul.

In this country, sir, our king is not a resident; the beam of royalty is often reflected through a medium, which sheds but a kind of disastrous twilight, serving only to assist robbers and plunderers. We have no security in the talents or responsibility of an Irish ministry; injuries which the English constitution would easily repel may here be fatal. I therefore call upon you to exert yourselves to heave off the vile incumbrances that have been laid upon you. I call you, not as to a measure of finance or regulation, but to a criminal accusation which you may follow with punishment.

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PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.—*Akenside.*

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand

Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn;
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

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MISERIES OF FAME.—*Pope.*

*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

"SHUT, shut the door, good John," fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead!
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.
Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, fore-doomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

Is there who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twickenam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song,
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
O dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I?
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cried he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound;
"My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound."
Pitholeon sends to me; "You know his grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me.—"But here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him Curll invites to dine?
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage;"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends;
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the fools,—your interest, sir, with Lintot.

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much;
"Not, Sir, if you revise it and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more!

---

TO LIGHT.—*Milton.*

HAIL, holy light, offspring of heaven first born,
Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate!
Or hearest thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign, vital lamp; but thou
Revisitst not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief,
Thee, Zion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate,

So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mœonides,
And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old;
There feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

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PRINCE EDWARD AND HIS KEEPER.—*Miss Baillie.*

*Edward.* What brings thee now? it surely cannot be
The time of food: my prison hours are wont
To fly more heavily.

*Keeper.* It is not food: I bring wherewith, my lord,
To stop a rent in these old walls, that oft
Hath grieved me, when I've thought of you o' nights;
Through it the cold wind visits you.

*Ed.* And let it enter! it shall not be stopped.
Who visits me besides the winds of heaven?
Who mourns with me but the sad-sighing wind?
Who bringeth to mine ear the mimicked tones
Of voices once beloved, and sounds long past,
But the light-winged and many voiced wind?
Who fans the prisoner's lean and fevered cheek
As kindly as the monarch's wreathed brows,
But the free piteous wind?
I will not have it stopped.

*Keep.* My lord, the winter now creeps on apace:
Hoar frost this morning on our sheltered fields
Lay thick, and glanced to the up-risen sun,
Which scarce had power to melt it.
*Ed.* Glanced to the up-risen sun! Ay, such fair morns,
When every bush doth put its glory on,
Like a gemmed bride! your rusticks now,
And early hinds, will set their clouted feet
Through silver webs, so bright and finely wrought
As royal dames ne'er fashioned, yet plod on
Their careless way, unheeding.
Alas, how many glorious things there be
To look upon! Wear not the forests, now,
Their latest coat of richly varied dyes?
*Keep.* Yes, good my lord, the cold chill year advances;
Therefore I pray you, let me close that wall.
*Ed.* I tell thee no, man; if the north air bites,
Bring me a cloak. Where is thy dog to-day?
*Keep.* Indeed I wonder that he came not with me
As he is wont.
*Ed.* Bring him, I pray thee, when thou comest again:
He wags his tail and looks up to my face
With the assured kindness of one
Who has not injured me.

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### HAMLET AND THE PLAYERS.—*Shakspeare.*

*Hamlet.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Player.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither; but let your own discre-

tion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

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### CONCLUSION OF LORD STRAFFORD'S DEFENCE.

Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear, till it burst out at once to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and, by the maxims of cautious prudence, to conform ourselves, the best we can, to the arbitrary will of a master; than fancy we have a law on which we can rely, and find, at last, that this law shall inflict a punishment precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the prosecution. If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor; in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damages: but, if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime?

Where the token by which I should discover it? It has lain concealed under water; and no human prudence, no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined; and so long has it been, since any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my lords, happily to ourselves, at home: we have lived gloriously abroad to the world: let us be content with what our fathers have left us; let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were, in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for your posterities, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you, into the fire, these bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treasons, as the primitive Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out to you the path by which you may avoid it.

Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions, by rattling up a company of old records, which have lain for so many ages, by the wall, forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions, add not this, my lords, the most severe of any; that I, for my other sins, not for my treasons, be the means of introducing a precedent so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country.

However, these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the commonwealth; and they believe so: yet, under favour, it is I who, in this particular, speak for the commonwealth. Precedents, like those which are endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries, that, in a few years, the kingdom will be in a condition expressed in a statute of Henry IV. and no man shall know by what rule to govern his words and actions.

Impose not, my lords, difficulties insurmountable upon ministers of state, nor disable them from serving, with cheerfulness, their king and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable. The public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste; and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

My Lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest

of these pledges, which a saint in heaven left me. I should be loth—(Here he pointed to his children, and his weeping stopped him)—What I forfeit for myself, it is nothing: but I confess that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity: something I should have said; but I see I shall not be able, and, therefore, I shall leave it.

And now, my lords, I thank God, I have been, by his blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit, clearly and freely, to your judgments: and whether that righteous doom shall be to life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my existence.

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### CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.—*Crowley.*

What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of private birth and education, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, nor shining talents of mind, which have often raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the abilities to execute, so great a design as the subverting one of the most ancient and best established monarchies in the world? That he should have the power and boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death? Should banish that numerous and strongly allied family? Cover all these temerities under a seeming obedience to a parliament, in whose service he pretended to be retained? Trample, too, upon that parliament, in their turn, and scornfully expel them, as soon as they gave him ground of dissatisfaction? Erect in their place the dominion of saints, and give reality to the most visionary idea, which the heated imagination of any fanatic was ever able to entertain? Suppress, again, that monster, in its infancy, and openly set up himself, above all things that ever were called sovereign in England? Overcome, first, all his enemies, by arms, and all his friends, afterwards, by artifice? Serve all parties patiently, for a while, and command them, victoriously, at last? Overrun each corner of the three nations, and subdue, with equal

facility, both the riches of the south, and the poverty of the north? Be feared and courted, by all foreign princes, and be adopted a brother to the gods of the earth? Call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again, with the breath of his mouth? Reduce to subjection, a warlike and discontented nation, by means of a mutinous army? Command a mutinous army, by means of seditious and factious officers? Be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would be pleased, at the rate of millions a year, to be hired as master of those, who had hired him before to be their servant? Have the estates and lives of three nations as much at his disposal, as was once the little inheritance of his father, and be as noble and liberal in the spending of them? And, lastly, (for there is no end of enumerating every particular of his glory,) with one word, bequeath all this power and splendour to his posterity? Die possessed of peace at home, and triumph abroad? Be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it was too little for his praise, so might it have been for his conquests, if the short line of his mortal life could have stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.

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### SATIRIC POET, AND HIS FRIEND.—*Pope.*

*Friend.* 'Tis all a libel, Paxton, Sir, will say:—
*Poet.* Not yet my friend! to-morrow, faith, it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!
Vice, with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
*F.* Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
*P.* How! not condemn the sharper, but the dice!
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye reverend atheists!—*F.* Scandal! name them,—who?
*P.* Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starved a sister,—who foreswore a debt
I never named; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't—*F.* You do.
*P.* See, now, I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold! too high you go.
*P.* The bribed elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.
*P.* I fain would please you if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
*F.* A dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
*P.* If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoiled,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild.
Or, if a court, or country's made a job,
Go, drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you, (for the love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better, sure, it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch even there—why lay it on a king.
*F.* Stop! Stop!—*P.* Must Satire, then, nor rise, nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
*F.* Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
*P.* Strike?—Why the man was hanged ten years ago.
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.
*F.* What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad:—
You make men desperate, if they once are bad.—
But why so few commended?—*P.* Not so fierce,
You find the virtue, and I'll find the verse.

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hanged, but not be crowned.
No power the Muse's friendship can command,
No power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand.
—What are you thinking?—*F.* Faith, the thought's no sin,
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
*P.* If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
*F.* They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow?
*P.* I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little?—Come, then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnal! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttleton, a dark, designing knave.
St. John has ever been a mighty fool—
But, let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.—
Ask you what provocation I have had?—
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When Truth or Virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours:
Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
Who thinks a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man who feel for all mankind.
*F.* You're strangely proud—*P.* So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud: I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched, and shamed by ridicule alone.
O, sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal;
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.

SCENE FROM RICHARD THE THIRD.—*Shakspeare.*

*Clarence* and *Brakenbury.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
*Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood! and he shriek'd out aloud,
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,*
*—That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;*
*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
*Brak.* I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!

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### EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF THE HON. JOHN ADAMS,

*Delivered in the Hall of Independence, before the Congress of* 1776, *on the passage of the Declaration.*

Addressing JOHN HANCOCK, the then President, he said—
"Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Pub

lish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls, proclaim it there, let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon, let them see it, who saw their sons and their brothers fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good; we may die; die colonists—die slaves—die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold: Be it so—be it so; if it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may; but while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a *free* country. But whatever may be *our* fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration *will stand.* It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood, but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day; when we are in our graves our children will honor it: *they* will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of consolation, of gratitude, and of joy.

"Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come; my judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am here ready to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—independence now, and independence for ever."

### GIL BLAS AND THE OLD ARCHBISHOP.—*Le Sage.*

*Archbishop.* WELL, young man, what is your business with me?

*Gil Blas.* I am the young man whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

*Arch.* O! you are the person then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a valuable acquisition. From the specimens he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. It is very evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your hand-writing, and still more with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me, ingenuously, my friend, did you find nothing that shocked you in writing over the homily I sent you on trial? some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper term?

*Gil B.* O! Sir, I am not learned enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded the works of your grace would escape my censure.

*Arch.* Young man, you are disposed to flatter; but tell me, which parts of it did you think most strikingly beautiful.

*Gil B.* If, where all was excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of hope, and the description of a good man's death.

*Arch.* I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas, henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune, I will take care of that. I love thee, and as a proof of my affection, I will make thee my confidant: yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief pleasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies; but I confess my weakness. The honour of being thought a perfect orator has charmed my imagination, my performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I would of all things avoid the fault of good authors, who write too long. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal, is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advertise me of it, for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be

seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disinterested understanding, and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

*Gil B.* Thank heaven, Sir, that time is far off. Besides, a genius like that of your grace, will preserve its vigour much better than any other; or to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximines, whose superior genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

*Arch.* No flattery, friend, I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the infirmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

*Gil B.* Your grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

*Arch.* I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas; and now tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homilies?

*Gil B.* Your homilies have always been admired; but it seems to me that the last did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

*Arch.* How, Sir; has it met with any Aristarchus?*

*Gil B.* No, Sir, by no means, such works as yours are not to be criticised; every body is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, Sir, yourself?

*Arch.* So, then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

*Gil B.* I don't say so, Sir; I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.

*Arch.* I understand you; you think I flag, dont you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

*Gil B.* I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded me; I do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

* *Aristarchus* was a celebrated grammarian of Samos. He was famous for his critical powers; and he revised the poems of Homer with such severity, that, ever after, all severe critics were called *Aristarchi*.

*Arch.* God forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it. I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments, it is your sentiment itself, only, that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.

*Gil B.* Your grace will pardon me for obeying———

*Arch.* Say no more, my child, you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you, I never composed a better homily, than that which you disapprove; for, my genius, thank heaven, hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigour: henceforth, I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas, and tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE ROBBER.—*Dr. Aikin.*

*Alex.* WHAT, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

*Rob.* I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

*A.* A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

*R.* What have I done, of which *you* can complain?

*A.* Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

*R.* Alexander! I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

*A.* Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

*R.* I must then answer your question by another. How have *you* passed your life?

*A.* Like a hero. Ask fame, and she will tell you.—Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

*R.* And does not fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—But I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

*A.* Still, what are you but a *robber*—a base, dishonest *robber?*

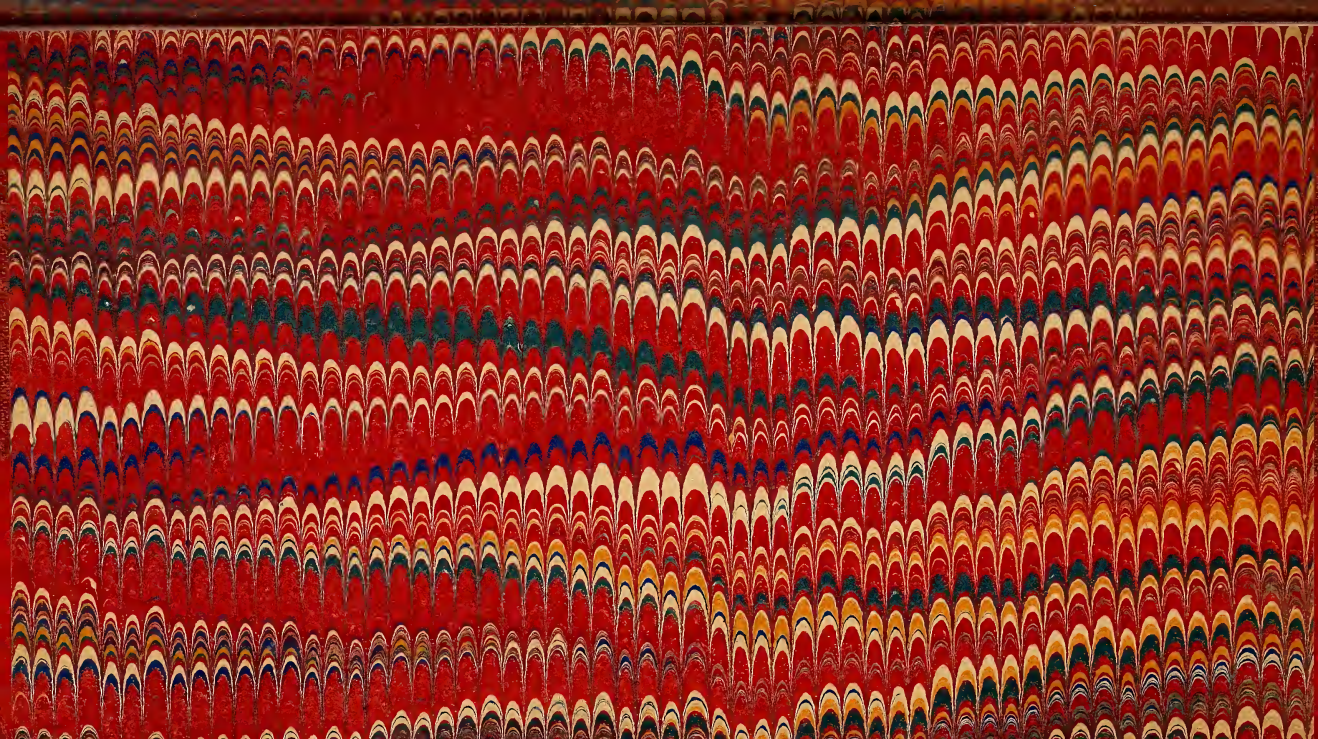
*R.* And what is a *conqueror?* Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry;—plundering, ravaging, killing without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier *robber* than I?

*A.* But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

*R.* I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischiefs we have done it.

*A.* Leave me—Take off his chains, and use him well. (*Exit robber.*)—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

THE END.



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